

# *The* AMERICAN LEGION *Weekly*

MARCH 20, 1925





# SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS

## ITS CAUSES AND HOW IT CAN BE CURED

By Robert W. Beatty

A SHORT time ago I was interviewing (on a matter of business) the President of one of the biggest business concerns in the Middle West. In the course of our talk there was a timid knock on the door. Responding to the President's, "Come in," the door was slowly opened, and a gray head came into view.

This gray head belonged to a man who (I learned later) had been employed by the firm for over thirty years. He took up a matter of business with the President, answering promptly every question put to him, but in a peculiarly timid manner. When he left the room, the President said to me:

"There's a beautiful example of a man gone wrong; I've always been as sweet as molasses to him, but he acts as if I were going to bite his head off. That man could easily earn \$20,000 a year; he could be one of the best known men in this part of the country; but he will never amount to anything because he is so confoundedly *self-conscious*."

"It's what's wrong with most people," he reflected. "They are *too* self-conscious. They are afraid of everything and everybody—yes, even of themselves. There isn't a man or woman living who cannot *think* thoughts worth fortunes. But they lack the spark of self-confidence which makes the difference between the DOER and the DREAMER."

"That man who was just in here really knows more about this business than I do. His judgment is better than mine. But he couldn't run this business for a month *because he's so confoundedly busy* thinking what *others* are saying or thinking about him, that he *misses the main point of getting things for himself*. I sympathize with him deeply, because when I was young I was very much that way myself. But I made myself get over it. I realized that all the ambition in the world—all the knowledge in the world—can't help a man if he is everlastingly apologetic, shy, *self-conscious*."

How true that comment is! Wherever you go, confidence almost always counts more than ability. The self-conscious man can never do himself justice. Before superiors in business he quails; with prospective customers he is vanquished by the first "No"; in the presence of strangers he retires into a shell; in the homes of cultured people he is embarrassed by the slightest word; and sometimes in the presence of one of the opposite sex, he makes the proverbial ass of himself.

But what can be done about Self-Consciousness? What is it? Can it be cured?

James Alexander, an eminent English psychologist, in a remarkable work called "The Cure of Self-Consciousness," points out not only that it CAN be cured, but shows exactly HOW, no matter how deep-rooted the trouble. The work is published in three convenient pocket size volumes.

Mr. Alexander analyzes the subject of self-consciousness in all its elements; he explains all the psychological causes of self-consciousness; he then analyzes different ways in which Self-Consciousness is exhibited. This enables the reader to analyze *himself* so that he may know what phase of self-consciousness to attack. In the other

### \$50 Paid for Your Story

THE publishers of "The Cure of Self-Consciousness" want authentic anecdotes of cases where Self-Consciousness has caused excruciating embarrassment; or better still, of people whose careers have been checked because they were always self-conscious and timid. \$50 will be paid for *each* story accepted for publication. *No names will be given in publishing your story*, if it is accepted. Just tell the *facts*; they are more interesting to us than the *way* you tell them.

two volumes Mr. Alexander then gives *definite exercises* by which any or all of these phases of self-consciousness may be permanently removed. A partial list of the chapter headings will give but a hint of the value of this work.

The author deals with concrete subjects like these:

*What Is Meant by Self-Consciousness*  
*The Causes of Self-Consciousness*  
*How to Cure Fear of Self*  
*How to Cure Fear of Crowds*  
*How to Cure Fear of Audiences*  
*How to Cure Blushing*  
*How to Cure Stammering*  
*How to Cure Stuttering*  
*How to Cure the Fear of Ridicule*  
*How to Cure Nervousness*  
*How to Cure Fear of Stage Fright*  
*How to Cure Fear of Failure*  
*How to Cure Fear of Criticism*  
*How to Cure Fear of Company*  
*How to Cure Fear of Business*  
*How to Cure Fear of the Unexpected*  
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*How to Cure Shyness*  
*How to Cure Bashfulness*  
*How to Check Desires and Impulses*  
*How to Attack Unwelcome Thoughts*  
*How to Control the Muscles*  
*How to Control the Emotions*

*How to Use Suggestion and Auto-Suggestion*  
*How to Gain Self-Reliance*  
*How to Gain Self-Confidence*  
*How to Gain Calmness*  
*How to Gain Self-Possession*

Unlike many volumes, dealing with mental training, "The Cure of Self-Consciousness" is not dull or heavy. Neither is it full of platitudes or preachments, telling you why you should cure your self-consciousness. On the contrary, this great work is as interesting as a book of fiction, and as direct as a physician's advice. It is extremely easy to read and to understand. Instead of preachments, it contains *actual rules and exercises* that have cured even the worst forms of self-consciousness.

It is impossible here to give a complete description of all this work, "The Cure of Self-Consciousness," contains. There is only one way for you to convince yourself of its value to you; that is to examine the three pocket size volumes. *This the publishers are willing to have you do*. Send no money now, just the coupon. When the books arrive, pay the mailman only \$2.85, plus postage, and then read them 10 days at your leisure. If you are not convinced that this instruction and the exercises are worth hundreds of times the price, simply return the set within 10 days and the trial will not cost you a cent.

If you are ever embarrassed, in your business prospects or in your social life, by paralyzing attacks of self-consciousness, you need this great work more than anything else in the world; no price would be too great for you to pay for it! For how can a price be put upon the value of confidence, poise and perfect ease? If you want to secure a set I suggest that you address the publishers.

ROBERT K. HAAS, Inc.  
Suite 203, 218 West 40th Street  
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Please send me, for 10 days' examination, Mr. Alexander's work, in three convenient pocket size volumes, "The Cure of Self-Consciousness." I will give the postman \$2.85 plus postage, on delivery. If, after reading and studying it for 10 days, I want to return it for any reason whatever, you agree to refund my money.

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# The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly



READERS of Marquis James's article, "Wanted: Your Contribution to History" in the January 30th issue accepted that title in the spirit in which it was offered. Major X. H. Price, secretary of the Battle Monuments Commission, to which body is entrusted the delicate task of finding out definitely what units should be credited with the capture of disputed points during the war, writes that "a large number of letters have been received by the commission as a result of this article. These letters," he adds, "are proving very valuable to the commission in its research work." He intimates that the commission would be glad to hear from more on-the-spot experts.

\* \* \*

WE do not know just how far the Battle Monuments Commission intends to carry its researches. But when they have settled the question of who won the war we hope they will have a little time left to tell the world what a condiment can be for and why dubbin was issued.

\* \* \*

SAMUEL TAYLOR MOORE, who writes on war-time ballooning in this issue, knows whereof he speaks. Mr. Moore ballooned during the war and made two jumps. The first one was at Omaha, and was just a sort of tryout, and the second was in the Argonne, where he went over the side out of sheer necessity because a flock of Boche planes had got the number of his craft. Mr. Moore admits that the first jump was a lot more terrifying than the second. Readers of the Weekly will recall Mr. Moore's account of his airplane trip across the continent and back last fall along the air-mail route. On that occasion the plane in which he was a passenger made a forced descent into a field in Sarpy County, Nebraska, dismembering a haystack and rendering both itself and the haystack unfit for further use. Mr. Moore is probably the only person in America who has twice fallen into Nebraska out of a clear sky. We say probably, which gives us an out. If anyone else can match or better Mr. Moore's record, we shall be glad to mention him. Remember, the point of descent must have been Nebraska. Contestants who started to fall in other States and wound up in Nebraska are eligible.

THOMAS J. MALONE, a member of Theodor Petersen Post of Minneapolis, Minnesota, whose article "Lafayette—He Was Here" appeared in the February 27th issue, writes: "'Did anyone,' you ask in the February 20th Weekly, 'ever hear it (the word buddy) used in the sense of a boon companion before 1917?' Sure thing—several millions of us O. Henry fans did. In 'A Call Loan', first published in Everybody's in July, 1903, is this: 'Now, buddy, you want to quit kickin' a

valise around that's got \$29,000 in greenbacks in its in'ards.' In 'A Double-Dyed Deceiver', first published in Everybody's in December, 1905, Captain Boone of the schooner *Flyaway* says, friendly like, to the Llano Kid, who is gazing out over the Gulf of Mexico: 'Thinkin' of buyin' that 'ar gulf, buddy?' A little further on, the captain answers a question as to the climate of Buenas Tierras with 'Warm-ish, buddy', and on the next page he says, in accepting the Kid as a passenger, 'All right, buddy'. Thus does 'Billy-be-damned old Samuel K. Boone, skipper' antedate the war by twelve years. Very likely the term in the boon-companion sense is used in others of O. Henry's stories, but these are the places that come to mind. Of course, some one has written in already citing its use by Shakespeare and even in the Bible."

\* \* \*

FEW Legion posts are likely ever to be confronted with such an emergency as gave Sullivan (Indiana) Post the opportunity for service to which it responded so effectively, as is graphically described by Alexander A. Gardiner in this issue. Sullivan Post was ready when the emergency came. To our knowl-

edge the Legion has never yet been found wanting in time of great local crisis. A parallel instance occurred last summer in Lorain, Ohio, where a tornado brought death and destruction—and found the local post of the Legion ready to do its part.

\* \* \*

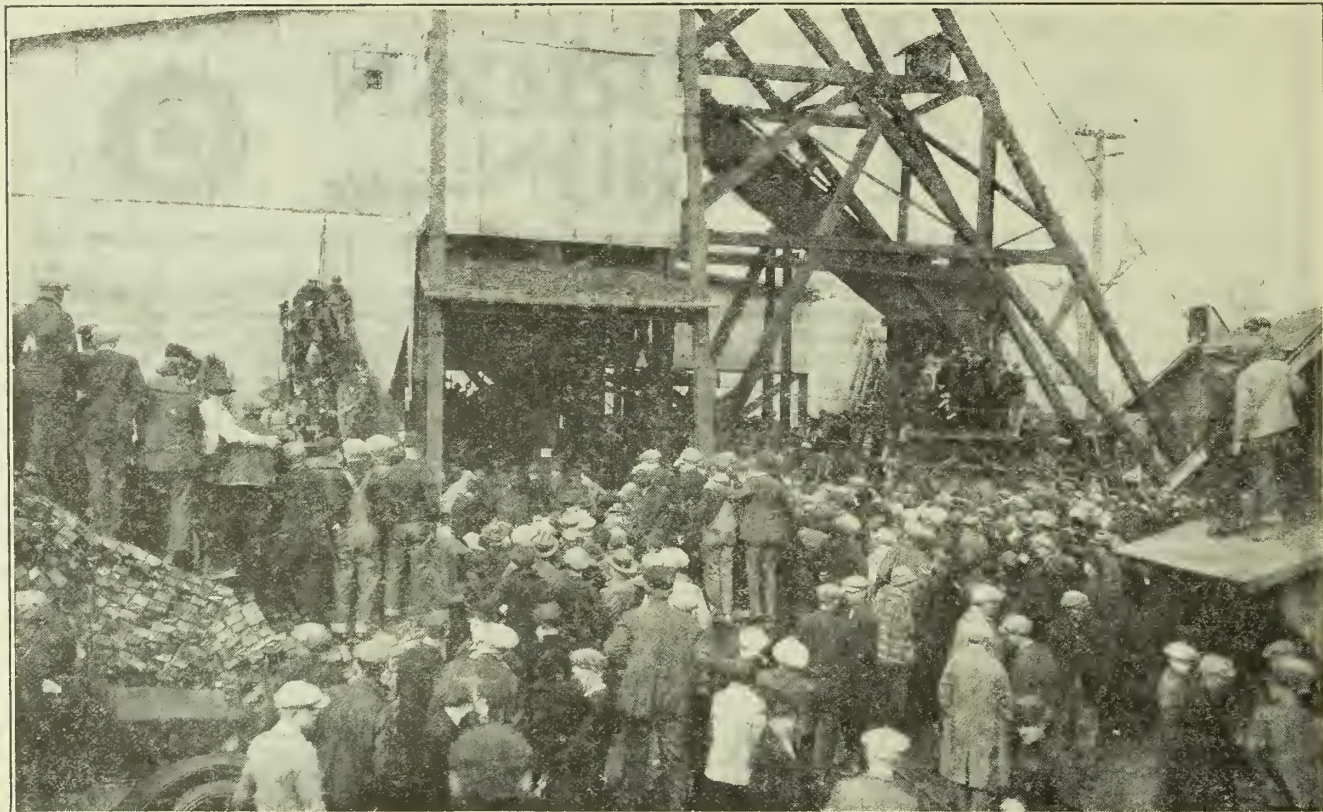
Is Bernarr E. Whitley, who will be twenty-three years old next May, the youngest post commander in The American Legion? Whitley heads Betowski-Van Demark Post of Waverly, New York. He served in the Navy during the war.

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The main entrance to the mine of the City Coal Company at Sullivan, Indiana, half an hour after the explosion of Friday, February 20th, which killed fifty-one of the one hundred and forty-eight men employed there. Compare this with the picture on the next page

# They Met *a* Supreme Tragedy With *the* Will to Serve

**F**OR seventeen days the world sat at the entrance to a Kentucky cave and watched while the accumulated engineering skill of the ages was brought into play in what turned out to be a futile effort to save the life of a man caught in an earth slide. It was drama of the highest sort so long as there was a chance of getting Floyd Collins out alive, and every detail of the work of rescue was devoured by the millions. When they finally got to Collins and found he was dead the story became merely a tragedy. The world was no longer interested.

Two days after they said the last words over the body of Collins the newspapers were recounting a new tragedy—the death of fifty-one men in a coal-mine explosion in Sullivan, Indiana. An hour after that explosion, on Friday morning, February 20th, it was known that the fate of every man left in the mine was sealed—the gas seeping through the various levels would have snuffed out any form of life. And so, except for people living within a few hundred miles of Sullivan, it became something to read and promptly forget. Coal-mine explosions are common. On the average, twenty-five hundred men in the mines of the United

By ALEXANDER  
A. GARDINER

States lose their lives that way every year.

The six thousand people of the city of Sullivan, shire town of Sullivan county, didn't feel that way about it, of course. With the first word that there had been an explosion in the City Coal Company's mine and that some fifty of the one hundred and forty-eight miners employed there had been trapped, there was a general movement to the workings, on the outskirts of the city. One of the first to get there was Lawrence Ford, commander of Sullivan Post of The American Legion and member of the city council. Panic-stricken relatives of the miners were crowding about the main entrance to the shaft, and with the merely morbidly curious who always want reserved seats when something gruesome is being enacted were slowing things up for the rescue workers desperately trying to get machinery started which would send a current of fresh air into the gas-filled workings. Ford collected half a dozen Legion-

naires and with the help of other men in the crowd got ropes stretched and pushed the crowd away from the mouth of the shaft. Within two hours of the explosion thirty Legionnaires were on guard duty.

By this time rescue crews from nearby mines and state officials in charge of mine inspection had arrived on the scene and mended the cage in which the miners are lowered to the workings. The force of the explosion had badly shattered this cage, and two men, one going down two hundred and ninety-four feet on a ladder, the other being lowered by rope, had made preliminary repairs. Meantime eighty-three men from a part of the mine which had not felt the full force of the blast had escaped through an air shaft, most of them bleeding at the nose and all of them covered with grime, and were clamoring for a chance to assist in the rescue of their buddies.

The way in which the Legionnaires performed guard duty in the next forty-two hours, until the last body had been taken from the mine, brought praise from citizens of Sullivan and from state officials who came to investigate the tragedy. Mayor W. E. Adylotte, reputed locally to be ordinarily as close



mouthed as President Coolidge, was profuse in his comment on the way the Legion handled the work, and Don Maple, Boy Scout executive in Sullivan, whose boys worked tirelessly doing errands for anybody and everybody at the scene of disaster, declared that "the Legion men did a wonderful job."

"We haven't a very large police force," the mayor said, "and they were kept busy at the mouth of the mine. So when I found out that Lonnie Ford had the Legion boys out there keeping things straight I told him that anything he needed that I could get for him, I would. They certainly did a fine job of it. We have suffered a terrible blow in this disaster, and the way the Legion boys and the citizens of this community generally took hold was an inspiration."

"I had to go out of town on business right after the explosion," Maple said. "When I got back three hours later I found the grounds about the mine and the road policed by Legion men. When I got the Scouts organized for duty the Legionnaires had a man with every boy and the work they did was wonderful. They certainly gave everything they had. Ford stayed on duty every minute of the time until the last man was taken out. His men did fine work, too, anybody will tell you."

"Why, they organized things so well out there that everybody was talking about it! The reporter whose paper gave him a thousand dollars for his work in the Collins cave story was here, and he told me that if that job had been organized as systematically as this was, Collins would certainly have been taken out alive."

"It was the worst explosion this section ever had and I suppose it's the

worst in Indiana history. Everybody knows coal mining is hazardous work. When miners bid their families good-bye in the morning it's with the thought that they may not come back at night. The coal in that vein out there is an oily, gaseous coal, and explosions are fairly frequent. Most often the men go to the hospital, and occasionally one or two are killed. But we've never had anything like this experience before."

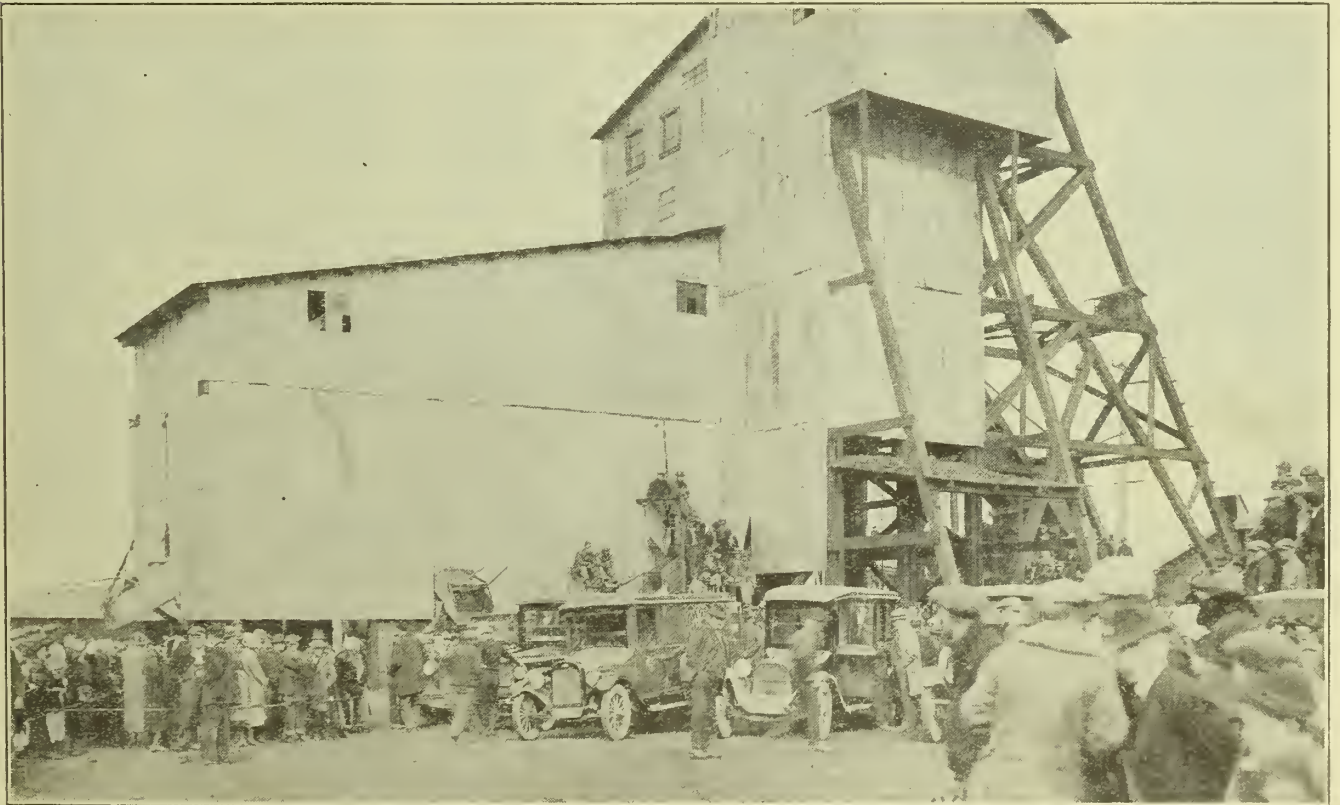
WHILE the Legion party on guard grew to sixty, more than a score of Sullivan Post's members joined the work of rescue in the still dangerous mine workings. That's not surprising, for nearly three-fourths of the Sullivan Legionnaires work in the six mines adjacent to the city. The first of the three men taken out alive from the part of the mine that got the full force of the explosion was a Legionnaire, Emory Davidson. The rescue party found him under a pile of slate. And one of the last bodies removed from the mine was that of Charles Sheedy, the only member of Sullivan Post to die in the explosion.

Commander Ford stayed in charge of the guard right up to the time early on the second morning after the explosion when the last body was taken out. He and his comrades helped comfort the women and children of the distressed families, arranged for ambulances and doctors, got in touch with distant relatives, supervised the dispensing of food to the rescue workers, restrained the sometimes too eager newspaper reporters, and supervised a thousand duties of the moment. When Governor Ed Jackson of Indiana, a Legionnaire, wired his

representatives at the mine offering to send state troops to maintain order they were able to assure him that troops were not needed. Sullivan Post of the Legion was carrying on. The Post supplemented its work with a contribution of one hundred dollars to the relief fund for the bereaved families.

Norval K. Harris, county prosecutor, had the grand jury in session at the time of the explosion. He quickly adjourned it and hastened out to the mine to help his Legion buddies in the work of rescue. Harris gets things done. As an instance of this it may be stated that while commander of Sullivan Post during 1923 and 1924 he jumped the membership up from forty-two to four hundred and sixty-two. He took steps to protect the interests of the forty-four women who had lost their husbands and the eighty-seven children made fatherless by the blast. Before the last body had been taken from the mine he went through the workings to familiarize himself with the situation there, so that he might supplement by intelligent legal action whatever finding the mine safety experts might report. As in most mine explosions it is impossible to say just what was the cause of the blast. It is probable that a cutting machine broke through into an old working and the accumulated gas rushed out, coming in contact with a spark from the electric motors which operate in hauling the coal, or with the open flame on a miner's cap.

The women of Sullivan worked tirelessly serving food to the rescue crews and to the guard. And Mrs. Ellen Anderson Briggs, former Army Nurse and sole woman member of Sullivan Post of the Legion, put in a strenuous time of



The same scene as that shown on the opposite page, photographed fifteen minutes later. The crowd which seriously impeded the work of rescue, has been shoved back of the ropes which members of Sullivan Post of the Legion strung up. The Legionnaires remained on guard more than forty-two hours, until the last body was removed from the workings





Sullivan Post's firing squad at the grave of Charles Sheedy, the only member of the post killed in the explosion. Four of the eight men in the squad work in the mines, as do four-fifths of the members of the post

it as the Red Cross representative in charge, until state and national officers of that organization arrived on the scene. It rained almost continuously Friday and Saturday nights—the tragedy occurred on a Friday—and the roads leading out from the city became bogs, while about the mouth of the mine people sank to their ankles in mud. The crowd straining at the ropes was at times as large as ten thousand, and it never fell below fifteen hundred while the work of recovery went on.

Commander Ford was an actor in one human interest drama that was an offshoot of the tragedy. In the United Mine Workers Journal of February 15th was an advertisement submitted by a Detroit woman seeking news of one John Collins—"last heard of was living in Sullivan, Indiana." Someone showed the advertisement to Ford. He telegraphed the Detroit woman that a John Collins had been killed in the explosion. Further inquiry developed the fact that she was a cousin who had never seen the man and had last heard from him in 1917, when he was a bachelor. Ford was able to establish the fact that the dead man was the one she had been seeking and the woman went to Sullivan to comfort the widow and three children in the Collins family.

Ordinarily, casualty lists in American coal mine disasters carry for the most part names that denote race stocks that have filtered into America within the past twenty-five years. The names of those dead in the Sullivan explosion, however, might have been found in the roster of Abraham Lincoln's Black Hawk War company, or even in the Continental Army that fought under

Washington. Anderson, Baird, Boothe, Boyle, Brown, Burris, Carty, Collins, Cottingham and Cusack were the first ten names on the list. The last ten were Smith, Solomon, Sullivan, Taylor, Thomas, Trader, Wagner, Walters, Walters and Ward. These men had probably all been born in this country, and their fathers and grandfathers before them. They were not fly-by-nights, either, but men of family who had an interest in the community because its prosperity was their prosperity. Three fathers and their sons were among the fifty-one dead.

Sullivan took the news, after the first feverish hours, with the stolidity that distinguishes mining communities. Death lurks right around the corner in the mine fields, and though this time it had struck down an unusually large number, the work would have to go on. There would be need of coal, and as always in the past, men would be ready to carry on the work of taking it from the earth, no matter how hazardous it might be. So while some of the miners temporarily out of work because of the explosion dug graves for the men who had gone west and others cleaned up the shattered workings, groups gath-

ered on the streets to discuss the work of relief and to wonder vaguely if the world realized just how hard had been the blow struck at their community.

Contributions had begun to pour in on the stricken community almost with the news of the trapping of the miners. The Indiana Legislature appropriated ten thousand dollars, and from cities and towns all over that State and from organizations and individuals in many adjoining States came money. The national office of the American Red Cross had men in Sullivan to take care of distribution of the relief fund, and itself contributed five thousand dollars.

Sullivan Post of the Legion furnished bearers and a firing squad for two non-Legionnaire victims who had been in service during the World War, and took charge of the ceremonies for Comrade Sheedy. Business had been virtually at a standstill in the city for three days while the last rites were being performed for the victims. A lowering sky, fitful gusts of wind, and a flurry of rain greeted the mourners who followed Sheedy's body to the cemetery on that third day. As the minister spoke the service of the dead at the grave, a train whistling for the crossing brought sharply home to his listeners the fact that even with a tragedy like that of Sullivan's the time of mourning must be short compared with the time that is to be spent in service to the living, particularly to those who had suffered most in the disaster. The firing squad at Sheedy's grave, half of them miners, fired their volleys, a bugler blew Taps, and the people moved out of the cemetery back to the city. Sullivan had turned from sorrow to face the future courageously.

**N**ATIONAL Commander James A. Drain has released Sullivan (Indiana) Post from the obligation to raise its quota in The American Legion's \$5,000,000 Endowment Fund campaign for disabled veterans and the orphans of veterans and service men, believing that the tragedy which descended on Sullivan gives the local post a paramount obligation to its community. Sullivan Post has subscribed \$100 for relief of the families of the fifty-one miners, including one Legionnaire, who were killed in the disaster. Forty-four women were widowed and eighty-seven children left fatherless.

# Just Balloon Gas

## Recollections of Some Lighter-Than-Air War Episodes

By SAMUEL TAYLOR MOORE

Illustrated by John Held, Jr.

**H**AD a whim of fortune made George Washington a recruiting sergeant in the Continental Army instead of commander-in-chief I am confident that youths of the intervening years would not have had truth emphasized as a prerequisite quality for the office of President. Take Valley Forge, for instance. Would Sergeant Washington have related to the prospective recruit the lack of food and clothing and the hardships of that winter encampment? Not by a jugful! He would have elaborated on the winter sports available, the skiing, the skating, the snowshoeing and the opportunity to prepare for a civil career in the ice business after discharge. He would probably have emphasized that there was no K. P., but he would have neglected to mention that it was because there was no food in the kitchens to police. The cherry-tree incident today would stand as a symbolic incident in the moral disintegration of a voracious young man who entered the recruiting service.

Recruiting is as insidious as drug addiction. Honest, upright and truthful men succumb to imaginative flights the moment they engage a prospective recruit in conversation. If there is no deliberate lying there is at least a colorful and one-sided presentation of life in the Army. Following a painful woodshed incident in youth when investigation of my explanation of the disappearance of a box of sister's candy failed to check accurately with the facts in the case, I had had a due regard for veracity. Then the commanding officer of Mitchel Field gave me a recruiting job. I am but human—and so I fell.

It was in the spring of 1919 and I had just returned from overseas. There was an aggressive campaign for men for the Air Service. A weekly news film offered a limited space for Air Service



The impact buried his features to beyond the ears, but his mother thought it was the best jump she ever saw

recruiting propaganda. The late Colonel Archie Miller entrusted the writing and direction of the scenario to me. The action was as follows: The hero, a Horatio Alger type, was disclosed in the opening scene industriously sweeping the sidewalk before his employer's grocery store. He glances up and sees an airplane looping. He registers, "That is the life for me." Caption. "I will swap this broomstick for a joystick." The following scene disclosed his enlistment by a jovial recruiting officer. Next was shown the hero's home. He tells his overjoyed mother what he has done. An airplane is seen in the distance. It lands in the back yard and the pilot taxis up to the door to fly the recruit to his station. At the flying field, Colonel Miller awaited impatiently

the arrival of the recruit. As the youth stepped from the nacelle Colonel Miller rushed forward, shaking his hand warmly and delivering a brief but cordial speech of welcome. At the end of a year the recruit was shown a Master Signal Electrician, a qualified pilot, and signing a payroll that was simply stupendous. There is no question that the picture was overdrawn. But no more so than the promises made to thousands of men who enlisted in the Air Service in war days primed to become aces. Their sad experience was that the most delicate machines entrusted to them to operate were the lowly pick and shovel.

It was so in the Balloon Section of the Air Service in wartime. Prior to enlistment my acquaintance with balloons had been confined to exhibitions



at agricultural fairs where a "professor" in purple tights had attached himself to a trapeze, hanging by his toes or teeth as the smoking spheroid ascended, and then making a thrilling triple drop in a patriotic tricolored parachute. I recall now that the recruiting sergeant told me something about fleece-lined tights for winter work and asbestos balloons that would not burn. The fellow lied amazingly, but just the same I'm glad I floated into the balloon section. There were some unhappy hours and days, but after two years of association with the clumsy gas bags I can reminisce along original lines that compel attention from the ex-doughboys, mule-skinner and cavalymen-au-pied who clutter up the Legion pool room on stormy nights. For instance:

When Miss Neysa McMein, who paints pictures of people and things, enlisted her valuable services as an entertainer to the A. E. F., she craved to do something big. And about the biggest thing she could think of was a domesticated pet of the troglodyte period, the dinosaur. She named her dinosaur, as you may recall, Gertrude, and to make the title of this mammal masterpiece alluringly euphonious she referred to it as "Gertie, the dirty dinosaur." Miss McMein hit all sectors in France, and with a wave of her magic wand—her paint brush or crayon—Gertie came into being to the amused edification of countless khaki-clad audiences.

Miss McMein doubtless had many unusual experiences. Who didn't? But the one I relate here was rather his-

toric in the Balloon Section of the Air Service. In the August before the Armistice, Miss McMein and a sister artist visited a balloon company at Domèvre-en-Haye, north of Toul and not distant from Pont-à-Mousson. The commanding officer set a royal spread and the artists wished to return his courtesy with an exhibition of their art. Lacking the artistic weapons to create their creatures, the commanding officer cast about for substitutes. A sergeant produced from somewhere a can of red paint, the type used in painting steel to protect it from rust. Another sergeant rushed forward with a brush ordinarily used to apply rubber cement in repairing balloon fabric. Fine! But what about a canvas? At the far end of the camp reposed the observation balloon, bedded down with sand-bags. Perfect! I imagine the commanding officer entertained a fleeting doubt as to the military propriety of using the balloon as a studio-easel-canvas, but he was confronted with a situation in etiquette which was without precedent. So he smiled and urged the artists to proceed. Which they did with enthusiasm and great glee. Gertie, violently red, soon took form in actual life size on the starboard of the balloon and on the port side was an angry red pachyderm about to stamp to extinction a small German germ who was crying kamerad in the quaint manner of Sunday comics. I dare say that Miss McMein and her sister artist never received a more genuine and enthusiastic acclamation than upon the completion of their work. The demonstration was comparable only to that accorded the pinch-hitter who knocks a home run with three men on base for

(Continued on page 22)



Miss Neysa McMein craved to do something big—and the pachyderm she painted on the side of an observation balloon certainly filled the bill



# Uncle Sam Stops *the* Graft on Widows and Orphans

*Swindling of Helpless Veterans and Their Dependents by Faithless Guardians Provides Another Reason for the Creation of a Legion Endowment Fund*

**G**ERMAN machine-gun bullets and the like, though directed with considerable professional skill on the whole, passed Soldier Brown by. But the damp airs of the friendly land of France, breathed in many a fox hole and trench, accomplished in time what the missiles of kultur were unable to do. They set up a disturbance in the lungs of Soldier Brown which the doctors diagnosed as tuberculosis. He came back home and, after a year or so in government hospitals, died, mourned by a widow and a little boy.

The widow Brown was, and is, no woman of letters. She can just write her name. She thought the Government had been pretty good to take care of her husband and pay him compensation while he was in the hospital trying to get cured up again. She did not blame the Government because it did not restore him to her. As the pastor said at the funeral, there are many things which are beyond the power and understanding of man. When her husband died the Government compensation stopped. This seemed the natural thing, though it did come hard. But Mrs. Brown took in washing and was able to keep a roof over the head of the little family.

One day a lawyer from the county seat a few miles away found her at her tubs. Mrs. Brown had never talked to a lawyer before, but she had been told that lawyers were very wise men. This lawyer seemed to be. He spoke familiarly of things she could only vaguely understand. It seemed that she, as a soldier's widow, was entitled to a pension or something like that from the Government. Not much, but when one is washing for a living every dollar helps. The lawyer asked her a lot of questions and wrote her answers down on a paper

By MARQUIS  
JAMES

and had her sign it. Then he went away. It had been very kind of him to come.

But new kindnesses at the hands of this thoughtful lawyer awaited the widow Brown. In a month he came back and said that he was working hard on the pension matter, and having lots of trouble, but for Mrs. Brown to trust him and he would see it through. Meantime, he thought he could better her circumstances. Would

she like to give up washing and come to the county seat and work in his son-in-law's home? She would indeed.

A little later the lawyer advised Mrs. Brown that before she could get any money it would be necessary to have a guardian appointed for the little boy. Mrs. Brown said she had a friend in town and would like to have him be her son's guardian, but the lawyer said it would be better if his son-in-law, Mrs. Brown's employer, were appointed. Mrs. Brown agreed to this after some persuading and the appointment was made by the court. The next time she saw her lawyer he placed before her a check for \$964, which was as much money as she had ever seen at

one time, let alone possessed, in her whole life. The lawyer said it had been a difficult case, and that his fee would be \$137.50, which Mrs. Brown paid gladly and put the balance in the bank.

Mrs. Brown spread the news of her good fortune among her acquaintances about town, singing the lawyer's praises highly. But it appeared that others did not regard this particular lawyer in so favorable a light, and told Mrs. Brown so. Finally someone, after inquiring the circumstances of her case, said she should have received three or four times as much money as she did, and backed up the argument by producing another soldier's widow who had been paid several thousand dollars. At length Mrs. Brown permitted a woman friend to write to the Veterans Bureau asking if Mrs. Brown did not have some more money coming.

The Veterans Bureau wrote back that Mrs. Brown had been paid in full to date—\$3,964 in compensation and insurance money having been turned over to the legal guardian of her son. An even three thousand dollars (Continued on page 16)



**I** RECALL that during the inspiring address of Commander Drain at the El Paso Convention of the American Federation of Labor he referred most feelingly to The American Legion Endowment Fund. It was so humane and made such an appeal to one's highest and best sentiments that I am indeed glad to accept membership on the National Honorary Committee and render such service in forwarding this work of The American Legion as I may be permitted to give.

WILLIAM GREEN.

The above endorsement of The American Legion's \$5,000,000 Endowment Fund is from a letter written to National Commander Drain by the president of the American Federation of Labor. This fund is expected to yield a yearly income of \$225,000 a year. The Legion's National Executive Committee, authorizing the raising of the Endowment Fund in accordance with resolutions of the Sixth National Convention, declared: "That portion of this income expended for rehabilitation work will be used to make certain for our disabled comrades the physical, mental and vocational restoration to which they are entitled, both by insuring the proper application in every instance of the generous provision made by the nation through governmental agencies, and by supplementing such provision where necessary to give just relief to them and their dependents. That portion of this income expended for child welfare will be used to carry on the administrative and relief work for the care, education and training of orphan children of all ex-service men and women."



# EDITORIAL

*FOR God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to Constitution of The American Legion.*

## The Campaign for The American Legion Endowment

### 1. Taking the Public Into Partnership

THE American Legion has undertaken to pay a debt of gratitude which is also a debt of honor. Such is the reason for being of the great campaign of The American Legion to establish a national five million dollar Endowment—a fund to be held in trust as a surety for the welfare of the wounded, disabled and afflicted of the World War, their widows, their orphans and their children. The fund is to be a sort of national cash guarantee posted by the country to which the country may refer in support of its promise, to those who have suffered in its service, that “America takes care of its own; it pays its debts of gratitude; it pays its debts of honor; you and yours shall never want.” As custodian, curator and administrator of this fund the President of the United States in effect has designated The American Legion.

So much for the high purpose, and for the lofty zeal which assumes to give effect to that purpose. These are all very well indeed, but it so happens that by national trait and marking we Americans are a practical people. The inquiring “Why?” falls trippingly from the tongue.

“Why should the Legion need five million dollars to take care of disabled soldiers and sailors and their orphans? Doesn’t the Government do that? If not, what does the Government do with the million dollars plus a day which the public pays to run the Veterans Bureau?”

The question is in order. This is the answer:

It is the legal obligation of the United States Veterans Bureau to care for the war’s disabled, and, in certain cases, and within certain limits, to extend assistance to the dependents of those veterans.

But government machinery, however ample, purposeful or competent, remains machinery. In the case of the Veterans Bureau it does not and it cannot enjoy those completely intimate contacts with the disabled man, his family, his needs. It is limited at the top by the limit of ability which government service, of any character, has been able to command. It is limited at the bottom by the extent of human contact possible to a government mechanism. The American Legion, through its veteran rehabilitation and child welfare services, knows no limit at either end.

This service, beginning with an expert national control which is supervised by some of the most eminent authorities in the science of physical, mental, social and financial rehabilitation in the land, extends down to the Legion’s very finger-tips—its 11,000 local posts and the 6,400 local units of the American Legion Auxiliary. By this great diffusion of collaborating effort the Legion can reach down into the homes of those afflicted, not as an impersonal government machine, but as friends and neighbors. No red tape binds the Legion’s efforts. Legion workers require no paper forms, no legal opinions, no appeals to higher authority. They are on the spot. When a call for help comes they respond and do what needs to be done, unfettered by rule or regulation.

Hundreds of thousands of veterans and their dependents have been reached by this aid. Lives have been saved, broken bodies and shattered minds made healthy and whole again, dire financial wants fulfilled. The Legion has maintained this service in the face of fiscal hardships. It has

borrowed money when its own till was empty. It deprived itself of other necessary things to keep this work up. It has reached a stage when the work must be put on a permanent financial footing or the beneficiaries of it will suffer.

When this became known to Frank T. Hines, the present director of the Veterans Bureau, and the man who has put that Bureau on its feet, he declared the Legion’s work was indispensable, and if the Legion could not maintain it he would ask the President to finance it with public funds. The Legion could not consent to that. To accept a government subsidy would be to destroy its independence and much of its effectiveness. But the Legion did decide, after long and painstaking consideration of every factor involved, to invite the public into partnership, and to ask for five million dollars to carry on the work. Only the interest of the fund, about \$225,000 a year, will be expended.

The President of the United States not only has endorsed the Legion’s effort but has accepted the position of chairman of the honorary committee of the Endowment campaign. This campaign has just begun, and success is prospering its early efforts.

## Making the Grade

THE Legion has brought credit on itself by its support of the Officers Reserve Corps. It is probable that more members of the Officers Reserve Corps are also members of The American Legion than of any other one organization. The Reserve Corps was General Pershing’s pet and pride. Most of his time after he wound up the affairs of the A. E. F. until he retired last September was occupied in giving effect to the National Defense Act of 1920, the backbone of which is the Reserve Corps. On the eve of his retirement on Defense Day, when the requirements of this act were given their first practical test, General Pershing took occasion publicly to commend the Legion for its unflagging support of the defense scheme which this project envisioned.

If this sounds too much like the Legion patting itself on the back, it should be written down that the Officers Reserve Corps will continue to draw the support of the Legion and of the country generally as it merits this support. The Reserve Corps is a theory no longer; it is a fact. Nobody much questions the theory. We should have a Reserve Corps, certainly. But what kind of one? Does the Corps we have fill the bill? That is the way the country looks at the matter now. The fact that the Reserve Corps is growing in the estimation of the country is the best testimonial of the success of the Corps that can be recorded. It fills the bill.

The numerical strength of the Corps is around 80,000. This is about what it was a year ago, though there has been a considerable turnover in personnel since then. Officers are commissioned for five years. A good many have dropped out and about as many more have been taken in. The requirements are stiffer than they were, which is a good thing. Commissions were too easy to get in the early days after the war. There were too many field and general officers who liked the prestige of high-sounding titles. These have been pretty well combed out. The Corps is particularly interested in getting young men in and starting them at the bottom. “Our need for lieutenants is greater than it is for lieutenant colonels,” a General Staff officer in Washington observed to a writer for the Weekly. Youngsters from the college R. O. T. C. and young men of military experience who served during the World War as enlisted men—from these likely groups the Reserve Corps is drawing valuable and promising material.

Thus the Reserve Corps builds wisely for the days to come. That is why it is making the grade. The chances for it to have failed and nullified most of the good intentions of the National Defense Act have been numerous. Sagaciously it has picked its way around these pitfalls and established itself in the confidence of the country.



# A PERSONAL PAGE

## by Frederick Palmer

A brilliant woman, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt. Since she led the hosts of woman suffrage to victory she has been seeking for new worlds to conquer.

*A Word With Mrs. Catt* Speaking at Palm Beach recently, she declared that the American Revolution was not a war of defense, and we started it.

She thinks that we started the war with Spain, too; and she has been in Germany, and talked with the Germans, and found that they think that they fought a war of defense.

Would Mrs. Catt prefer that there had been no American Revolution? That we had not freed Cuba? That Germany should have won?

The one thousand two hundred shares of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, worth \$1,200,000 in 1917, when

*Making Money Grow* John D. Rockefeller made them a trust fund for his daughter, Edith Rockefeller McCormick, have multiplied in value almost seven times in eight years. Their

value is now \$8,000,000. Or, reckoning in figures whose size most of us will better understand, if the sum had been \$120 in 1917, it would now be \$800.

Father left the trust with the hope that daughter would use the money for philanthropy. "I am more concerned," he said, "that my children should receive too much than too little." Mrs. McCormick has not given her money to philanthropy.

Miss Abby Rockefeller, John D.'s granddaughter, who is about to marry, announces that she will do her own work. For how long? If she sticks to it for three months after she has first burned her hands over the stove, then she belongs in a new class of heroines.

Meanwhile, if you have an idea that you can invest in some company which will make your money grow as fast as Rockefeller's, first investigate the project very thoroughly. John D. knows his companies. They are his. He was in on the ground floor at the start of the oil business.

John J. McCook, private in the Spanish War, major in the World War, and now a judge, speaks up in behalf of the Spanish War veterans. He says that it has become a habit to think that service in the war with Spain was of little account, as we were supposed to have "beaten a weak and cowardly foe." If so, it is a bad habit of which we had better cure ourselves.

*McCook Ought to Know* When we went to war with Spain, Europe thought of us as a nation of money grubbers who had no martial spirit. Dewey's prompt and brilliant victory in Manila Bay, our crushing North Atlantic naval campaign against Cervera, and the boldness of our land attack against Santiago won the world's imagination and our recognition as a first-class power as surely as our part in the World War left us in the position of the foremost of powers.

Some of our volunteer regiments in '98 knew what it was to be armed with old Springfield black-powder rifles, having a range of only nine hundred yards, against the smokeless Spanish Mausers having a range of two thousand five hundred yards. The hidden enemy could locate us by the black puffs and could reach us while we could not see him and could reach him only by charging. So we

charged. May our unpreparedness never put us under such a handicap again.

It was before the days of prophylaxis. In home camps our soldiers endured scourges of typhoid. In Cuba, they went hungry; they lacked medical supplies; they suffered from fever and dysentery. Will kept them going until an emaciated tottering remnant had taken San Juan Hill.

Later, in the Philippines, we endured all the ills and vexations that the tropics are heir to, including—will any veteran of the Philippine rebellion forget the dhoby itch? Under the steaming downpour of the rainy season, and under the furnace sun of the dry season, our doughboys kept up their prolonged hikes which ended only with exhaustion. Once they were rested they were off again combing the jungle for that elusive and sniping "little brown brother" who acted in about as brotherly a manner as a nest of tarantulas. Regardless of numbers serving, the quality of service was the same in Cuba, the Philippines, France and the Civil War.

Are our colleges, where sport is supposed to be wholly amateur, setting a good example in sport? Last year

*A College Example*

Yale, which was only keeping the pace set, spent well over \$100,000 on its football team, for coaches, equipment, rubbers and other attendants, hotels, transportation and the like. Did the members of the team get any more sport and health-giving exercise than if one-tenth of that sum had been spent? Weren't they, too, being professionalized?

One collegiate reform is under way. There is talk of an understanding that a professional college coach shall not be paid more than \$8,000 a year, which is the highest that any college professor receives. Some college coaches have been getting as high as \$20,000 a year which is more than any government official, except the President, receives. Question: Why should a youth strive to become a general, an admiral, a judge, a senator or a cabinet officer? Why not make ambition's goal not to train the minds of college students but to train them to win football victories?

White-haired, youthful and vigorous Admiral Sims says that the battleship is becoming the "spineless backbone" of the fleet.

*Admiral Sims Speaks Out* "If our combined fleets," he continues, "at the present day, were to be attacked by an enemy fleet with a dozen airplane carriers, equipped with fifty planes each, the best place for them to go would be as far up the Mississippi River as possible."

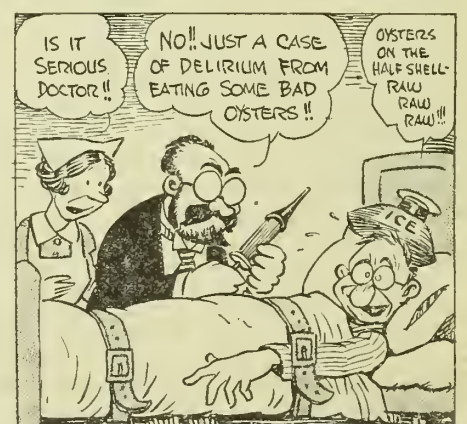
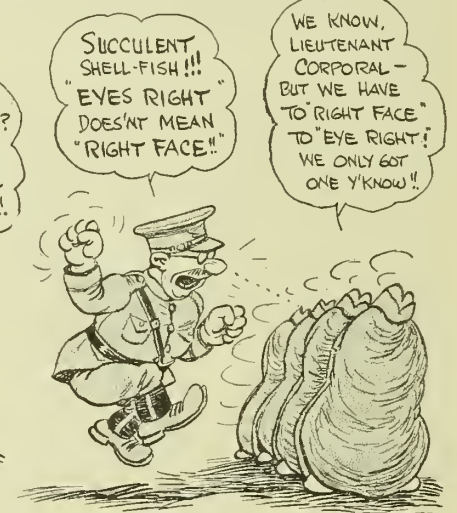
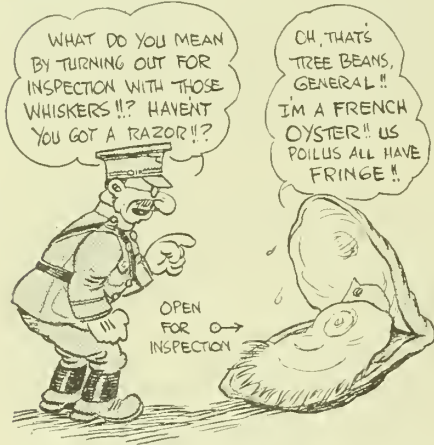
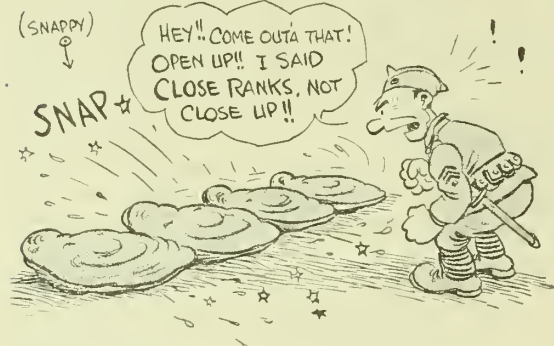
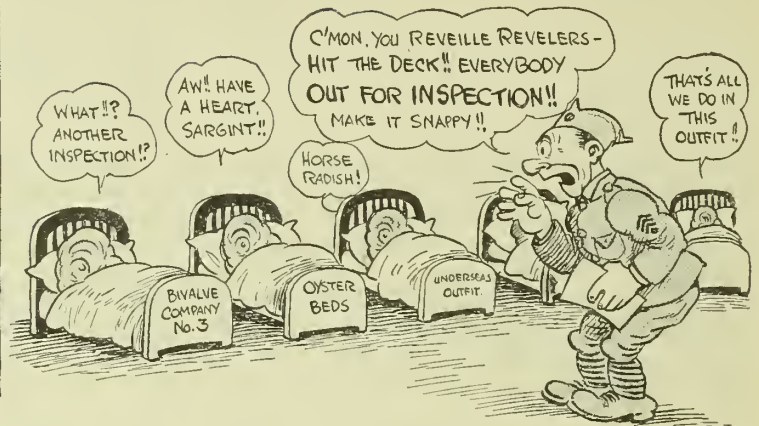
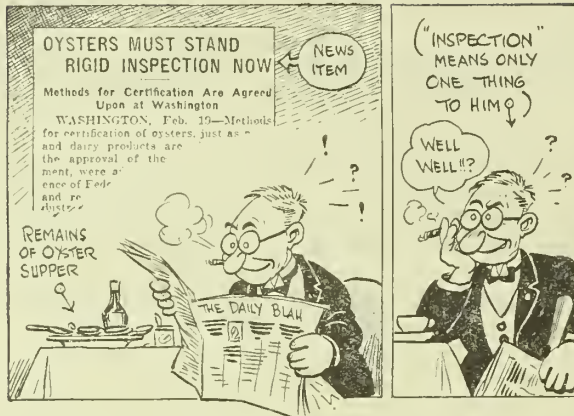
No nation has such an air force to attack us at the present day. The admiral is visualizing the future as a key to our future military policy. If one hundred bombing planes were free to turn loose on a battalion of infantry it would have the same reason for seeking the deepest dugouts that our fleet would have for going up the Mississippi.

But, while man lives on the land, the infantry commands it, and, while we carry ships and passengers in ships at sea, the battleship must command the sea. There must be sufficient aircraft protection for the doughboy and the battleship. The question is, have we enough? That is what Admiral Sims means.



## Oyster Inspection

By Wallgren





# America's Womanhood Declares for Adequate Defense

By KATHERINE  
LEWIS

**M**ANY national meetings of women have been called to discuss international relations, the outlawing of war, and disarmament as a means of achieving the millennium of peace. Some of the conferences have gone so far as to advocate complete and immediate disarmament of America as an example to our less fortunate neighbors. Others have gone the whole way and resolved that they will never again knit a sock or make a bandage for a soldier.

But it has remained for the American women who know most about war, and who have suffered most keenly from its effects—the mothers, wives, sisters, daughters and descendants of the men who fought for their country—to gather to consider, for the first time in our history, how the peace of the United States may be best preserved. Such a conference, recently held in Washington, viewed the question of America's peace from its broadest aspects, and, after listening three days to the testimony of our greatest experts, unanimously agreed that the best peace insurance for the United States lies in adequate national defense, at all times.

The American Legion Auxiliary, through its National President, Mrs. O. D. Oliphant, issued the call for the conference, and invited other national patriotic women's groups to join it at Washington, where it was proposed to hear discussions on adequate defense from the men in whose hands the nation's safety rests—the President of the United States and the heads of the defense forces.

Fifteen national organizations joined the Auxiliary, and it was a firm and heroic group of women which invaded the nation's capital February 22d and demanded that they be told the truth as to what safeguards their country has provided for its future peace and security.

Five hundred women, from forty-eight States, were present, of whom one hundred officially represented sixteen national bodies. They formed themselves into the Women's Conference on National Defense as Peace Insurance, and were welcomed by the President of the United States into the council which determines our war and peace policies.

Addressing the women in the East Room of the White House on February 23d, with Mrs. Coolidge standing at his side, the President said:

"When I learned that the women of The American Legion Auxiliary had arranged a conference of the national women's patriotic organizations, to be held in Washington, I felt an earnest desire to meet them. That desire was based on consideration, first, of who they are; second, of whom they represent; and third, of the purpose for which they are assembled.

"In all generations, the women have contributed greatly to keep alive the traditions of nationalism and patriot-

ism. There is not one among us who does not know women who have sent away three generations of their men to the wars of their country.

"Who has a better title, then, than these women who represent such experiences, to be heard in the councils which shall determine the questions of peace and war, of preparedness and defense, of doing our duty to the world?"

In his further remarks to the women, the President outlined the progress made to prevent wars and stressed his desire for the United States to take the lead for a further reduction of armaments, but added that "our country does not wish for weakness."

Before the opening meeting about one hundred women made a pilgrimage to the tomb of the Unknown Soldier at Arlington, and Mrs. Oliphant, placing a wreath there, dedicated the conference to the ideals for which the soldier had died. Mrs. H. H. McClure, national president of the American War Mothers, made a prayer, and Mrs. Sarah Deeds of the Women's Relief Corps, G. A. R., spoke. It was a most impressive ceremony.

**I**N outlining the reasons for calling the conference, in her opening address Mrs. Oliphant said:

"We are those women who are not afraid and were not afraid to raise our sons to be soldiers. We wonder what would have happened in '76 if the colonial mothers had been afraid to raise their sons to be soldiers? We are those women who felt the intimate touch of war and who, therefore, believe it is necessary for us to know what measure of national defense is necessary and what measure of national defense exists. We are those women who believe that the protection of national rights is righteous and that the way to protect them is to be prepared to protect them."

In limiting the invitations to women's patriotic organizations, Mrs. Oliphant had stated in the call:

"In inviting only those women who have known, either in this or past generations, the intimate touch of war—these being the women qualified to speak on the need for adequate defense as the best method for insuring peace and international justice—we want to show that there are women in the United States who believe in those measures for defense which are provided under the Constitution."

Following this auspicious and courageous opening, there were a series of addresses, occupying sessions of three days, by government experts who are devoting their lives to national defense. These men told the conference of the causes of war, analyzed present world conditions, explained in detail what the

nation is doing, or should do, to maintain peace, and to bear itself with honor should peace be broken.

Following each day's meetings, the conference broke up into small groups of women who thoughtfully discussed the addresses. These informal gatherings lasted far into the night, with the result that when the conference had concluded its set program, and was ready to put into words the conviction which had come out of it, all were of a single mind. With a unanimity which marked their high purpose, the following resolution was adopted:

"We commend the National Defense Act to the American people and ask their support in putting it into full effect by their active participation, moral support, and by seeing that necessary funds are appropriated."

Recommendations adopted by the conference included:

"First, that we reaffirm our allegiance to the flag and to the Constitution of the United States.

"Second, that peace with honor is the end for which we strive.

"Third, that our national security must be preserved, and we believe that in national defense rests America's best peace insurance, until such time as, by agreement, limitation of arms may be possible.

"Fourth, that to this end we believe that a nation-wide educational campaign on the National Defense Act as it interprets the Constitutional provision for the common defense is a part of our citizenship responsibility."

The conference commended the Reserve Officers' Training Corps in universities and colleges and the Citizens' Military Training Camps, urging that the camps for the latter be enlarged to enable at least 100,000 boys to attend each year.

A resolution of thanks to Mrs. Oliphant for calling the conference, and for her able and courteous conduct of it as chairman, was heartily cheered during its passage.

The creation of an Extension Committee, consisting of the presidents of the sixteen patriotic organizations represented, was recommended, to evolve plans for continuing the patriotic campaign in behalf of education on national defense measures.

The organizations represented at the conference were: Daughters of the American Revolution; Women's Relief Corps, G. A. R.; Women's Overseas Service League; Ladies of the G. A. R.; National Society, United Daughters of 1812; National Society of Colonial Dames of America; American Nurses Association; Service Star Legion; American War Mothers; United Daughters of the Confederacy; Women's Club of the Service Flag; American Women's Legion; Women's Auxiliary of Spanish-American War Veterans; Government Club of New York; Society of Sponsors of the United States Navy, and The American Legion Auxiliary.





There are only 1,800 persons in Avoca, Iowa, and Fred Funston Post of The American Legion in Avoca has only sixty-nine members, but Funston Post provided for its town this million-gallon, concrete-bordered swimming pool and skating rink. The whole community cordially supported the Legion post in its undertaking and 110 farmers helped dig the hole for the pool

## They Gave Their Town

AS any man grows older, the commonplace events of his boyhood mellow in his memory like rare old paintings that become golden with the years. The gray-haired man who once went to the little red schoolhouse and read McGuffey's readers plunges into an ecstasy of recollection as he recalls the days when all boys were freckled and smoked cigars made of buggy-whips. Memory plays one of her tricks on him, perhaps, as he steps from a tiled floor into a porcelain bath tub, and he finds himself transported back to that sector of boyhood Paradise, the old swimming hole. Once more the willow trees dip into the muddy current where a sandy bank lies at the end of a trodden trail through the rushes. And shouts resound out of time, echoing against the hills of forty years ago—the shouts of farmboy waterdogs.

Yes, the old swimming hole was a national institution in the days before the countryside from coast to coast was cast into the chains of modernity by concrete roads. Now airplanes go whizzing across the continent in a day's flight. The farmboys of the Middle West are busy tuning in on stations ZUF in New England and XOW of the Pacific Coast, and one has to go twenty miles from anywhere to shoot a rabbit. The wild old streams of recent generations are straight-laced now, mournfully tame between barren shores, and the glamor has gone from the waters which once made the glory of the old swimming holes.

But boys got into the habit of swimming about the time the ark floated ashore, and the mere fact that the old

swimming hole is joining the old oaken bucket in oblivion hasn't changed boyhood instinct. This is the reason why Fred Funston Post of The American Legion rallied to boyhood's defense when the old swimming holes near its town of Avoca, Iowa, were disappearing.

And this is the reason, also, why Avoca has today, thanks to Fred Funston Post, a large concrete swimming pool—the second largest pool in the State of Iowa—where all the boys of the town, and the girls, too, may swim and play all summer long and skate in winter. It is a strictly modern

pool, the one in Avoca—as modern as a steel and concrete skyscraper—and it typifies the spirit of the transformation which has changed the character of thousands of towns and cities throughout the United States in the last ten years. Not only for boys and girls is this pool—everybody of swimming age in the town and the country roundabout the town uses it. It is in all truth a community pool, for almost all the citizens of the town and many farmers from the neighborhood helped the Legion build it.

So noteworthy is this contribution to its community's welfare that Fred Funston Post recently was awarded the Hanford MacNider trophy and a cash prize of \$300 in competition with all the other posts in Iowa. The trophy—a beautiful silver cup—was offered by Past National Commander MacNider to the Iowa post which should render the most outstanding and unselfish community service during the year 1923. Any post must win the trophy three times to retain it permanently. Avoca Post in 1924 carried out other community betterment projects which are expected to give it a leading place when the judges make their selections in the next Hanford MacNider trophy competition.

Fred Funston Post's accomplishment is made particularly conspicuous by the fact that the post has only sixty-nine members and the population of its town is only 1,800. What the post did is only one more proof that enthusiasm and hard work always count more than mere numbers.

When the post decided to build the swimming pool, public support for the

**R**ESOLVED, That The American Legion in Sixth Annual Convention assembled impose on those charged with the conduct of our national organization, our departments and our posts a mandate to continue to carry through at least one unselfish, worthwhile project for the betterment of their communities during the coming year and in each of the years of our existence hereafter.—*Resolution adopted by the Sixth National Convention of The American Legion at Saint Paul, September 18, 1924.*





at the county fairgrounds near the center of the town. It was typical of Legion spirit that the post refused to be daunted when the original plans for water supply proved inadequate—it simply bought an electric pump and a bigger engine and got the water it needed. Incidentally the post provided its town with 150 tons of unanticipated cheap ice from the pool

## a Million-Gallon Bathtub

enterprise came swiftly. The Fair Association of Pottawattamie County immediately supplied the site for the pool, a section of the fair grounds, which is four blocks from the business district of Avoca. The Legion post hired a surveyor to lay out the pool and mark the grade for depth. The pool was made 250 feet long and 135 feet wide, with graduated depth of from one foot to nine feet. Its capacity is considerably more than one million gallons.

Funston Post invited the farmers of the county to help excavate for the pool. One hundred and ten farmers, many of them Legionnaires, drove to the fairgrounds and worked for one or more days. An expert hired by the Legion supervised the grading. In less than two weeks the pool had been excavated and graded.

Meanwhile the post had been selling coupon books of swimming tickets at five dollars each. It had been decided that money contributions would not be asked from the public, and that the post itself would supply most of the funds. In keeping with this plan, the post bought \$500 worth of the coupon books and distributed them among the children of the community. They didn't lose any friends by that action.

With the tickets sold, the post proceeded to complete the pool. All the men and boys of the town were asked to give a day's work, and the Legionnaires themselves spent a week or more. The post hired two carpenters and a structural concrete worker to supervise the building of the forms and the pouring of the concrete to make the solid walls of the pool. The walls were made nine inches thick at the

base and four and a half inches thick at the top. They were reinforced with steel. The post bought twenty-five carloads of sand for the bottom of the pool.

The post had, of course, determined that the available water supply would be sufficient to fill the pool. But it encountered some unanticipated difficulties when it started on that task. A six-foot open well was dug and several gasoline engines were rented for the pumping. These did not fill the pool as rapidly as the Legionnaires had hoped. So the post bought an electric motor and a centrifugal pump. The pool then began to fill rapidly. But the month of November had arrived by this time, and the pumps were racing against the weather to fill the pool before it should freeze. The freeze came early, with the pool half full of water. Philosophically the Le-

gion post harvested 150 tons of ice and stored it for sale. The money from the ice sales gave the post added financial confidence, and made possible the construction of slides and other apparatus for bathers, and the town was duly appreciative of its new source of a cheap ice supply.

Last summer, when the pool was brimming full and hundreds of bathers were using it every day, Fred Funston Post found its full reward in the grateful appreciation of its whole community. The pool, if purchased, would have cost more than \$10,000. At comparatively trifling expense, Avoca and the country about it had obtained an amusement and health center whose fame has spread throughout the State. The pool had been made free to everybody as soon as the receipts from ticket sales and other revenue had met the actual cost of construction and the post gained lots of good will.

The recognition that came with the award of the Hanford MacNider trophy and the cash award was only a confirmation of the friendly feeling toward Fred Funston Post throughout the State. And many other posts had put in strong claims for the trophy. Among the other post projects entered in the competition were the establishment of a park by Leo R. Farmer Post, of Sigourney; a patriotic association organized through Davenport Post; a memorial arch erected by Kubik-Finch Post of Traer; a coliseum constructed by Richland Post; a clean-up campaign conducted by Julius Shryer Post of Durant, and scholarship prizes awarded to students in the city schools by Sergy Post of Clarinda.

**R**ESOLVED, That the departments of The American Legion be requested to undertake a survey through each of the posts in the communities of which they are a part to the end that community needs may be learned and acted upon.—  
*Resolution adopted by the Sixth Annual Convention of The American Legion at Saint Paul, September 19, 1924.*



# Uncle Sam Stops the Graft on Widows and Orphans

(Continued from page 9)

more than Mrs. Brown had ever seen.

Under instructions from the woman who had written the letter which had brought this startling information, Mrs. Brown went to this guardian, in whose home she was employed as a cook, and requested an explanation. The man was completely flustered. He stammered assurances—there was just some mistake, and everything would come out all right soon, and if Mrs. Brown had any more money coming he would do all in his power to get it for her—which merely multiplied the suspicions of the widow of Soldier Brown. She went to the president of the bank in which she had deposited the money she had received and asked his advice. He went into the whole case and had the bank's lawyer draw up a petition asking for the removal of the guardian and the appointment of the bank president in his stead.

This swift turn of events created further consternation in the camp of Mrs. Brown's original lawyer and his son-in-law, the guardian. They made every effort to induce her to withdraw this petition. She declined. Her minister called on her, saying he had been sent by the postmaster, and counseled her to withdraw. But she would not do so. Blocked at this turn, the guardian sought to resign, but the court would not discharge him because he had never filed an accounting of his guardianship. Upon refusing to file such a report he was arrested, after which he submitted a statement which contained one item of \$1,000 for attorney's fees and additional charges of \$734 incidental to the administration of the estate of the fatherless little Brown boy.

By this time the Veterans Bureau was on the job investigating. It found that by the guardian's peculiar methods of administration this orphan's estate had almost vanished entirely, and no penny of it had ever been expended in behalf of the boy. Much of the money had been squandered by the guardian. The Bureau threw a scare into this gentleman, however, and he proceeded to make good as far as he was financially able. This left a little less than \$1,000 still owing, and the Bureau has started proceedings to recover this from the surety company which went on the guardian's bond. The bank president is the Brown boy's guardian now. His money is earning good interest, and some of it is being wisely spent, under the banker's direction, for the benefit of mother and child. The local court is receiving regular reports of all these doings. It was the court's neglect of this detail in the first instance which enabled the original guardian to get himself into trouble.

This story has been taken almost at random from the official files of the guardianship division of the United States Veterans Bureau at Washington. These files embrace some 45,000 cases in which legal guardians have been appointed for mentally incompetent veterans, for the minor children of such veterans or the orphans of veterans who are dead. Legally an orphan is a child who

has lost either or both parents. The Bureau is not permitted to pay out compensation or insurance benefits to incompetents or minors, but must make payments intended for such persons to their guardians. The Bureau has nothing to do with the appointment or supervision of these guardians. That is done by the local courts. It has been done, too often, in a haphazard and negligent manner.

The case just related is typical of hundreds of others the details of which are known. By the time the Veterans Bureau finishes cleaning up the present mess, for which it is in no way responsible, this number may run into the thousands. Neither is the foregoing case a "horrible example." It is a rather mild example, inasmuch as the conspiracy to swindle the Brown boy was discovered in time to retrieve all of the money which rightfully belonged to him. In a great many cases this can never be done, and the unredeemed frauds on helpless veterans and veterans' orphans may exceed millions of dollars. Cases like this are numerous.

Six years ago a veteran was sent to a government hospital for the insane. The court in the veteran's home town appointed a guardian to receive and administer the \$157.50 of insurance money paid out by the Government every month. At the expiration of six years, during which time the Government had paid over to this guardian \$11,240, the Veterans Bureau asked the court to obtain an accounting from the guardian. This accounting showed a balance of \$177 cash on hand and no other assets.

Veterans Bureau agents report that the veteran to whom this \$11,240 belonged, having been in a hospital all the time, had received next to nothing from the guardian. Even his simple needs in the way of clothing had been ill provided for. Where did the money go? The Bureau is not quite ready to report on that, but it is ferreting the story out. "It is evident," reads an official summary of the case at this writing, "that a large part of the estate of the ward has been wasted or misappropriated by the guardian"—whose bond, incidentally, was \$500. Meantime the Bureau has asked the local court to appoint a new guardian and keep tabs on him.

Multiply these examples by a hundred or a thousand and the true dimensions and outlines of the picture begin to assume tangible shape before you. Multiply these examples and you equip yourself to grasp the scandalous affairs which too frequently have surrounded the administration of the estates of helpless ex-soldiers and their minor children by guardians who have been unfaithful to a peculiarly sacred trust.

Penetrate the surface and an amazing inventory of details comes to hand. You find thousands of instances where it is impossible to judge whether a guardian has administered his trust faithfully or otherwise. He has made no report to the court, and the court has made no move to enforce this legal requirement. You will find plenty of



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**Waltzes**  
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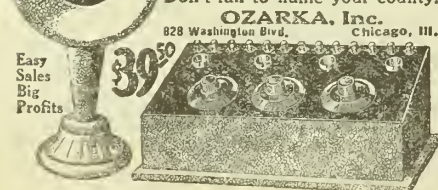
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guardians whose infidelity is not a matter of conjecture. They have accumulated tidy fortunes from the wages better men than they have earned in exchange for minds shattered and bodies broken in their country's service. While patients in hospitals suffer and little children endure stony childhoods, blighted by want, one may find these filching parasites living easy lives on the easy money they steal from their helpless wards. New homes, fine automobiles, costly clothes, pleasure trips—crooked guardians could afford them.

Ridiculously low bonds, and worthless bonds, make it impossible to get the money back from defaulting guardians in many cases. A bond of \$1,000 or \$500 or even less protecting an estate of ten or twenty times that sum is not uncommon. The Veterans Bureau uncovered one fake bonding company which made a specialty of going surety for guardians of Government wards. This concern, located in Missouri, was simply a diploma mill without assets. Its bonds were not worth the paper they were printed on. So-called "professional guardians", acting as administrators for the estates of from fifty to five hundred veterans, create another condition which is susceptible of abuse. In New York recently one such disappeared with \$50,000 belonging to his wards—but fortunately the loss was protected by a recoverable bond.

There are chapters in the story the Veterans Bureau has brought to light which reveal human nature sunk to such depths that the recital of it is high unprintable. Veterans and orphans betrayed by their own blood kin; mothers stealing from their neglected children; brother robbing brother; parents living off the compensation of a son in a madhouse who wants for creature comforts; wives abandoning afflicted husbands and promoting new romances on the proceeds of that affliction. An ugly story indeed, sounding the nethermost limits of degradation.

So much for a glance at the situation the Veterans Bureau has discovered to exist. And although not strictly within its legal province to do so the Veterans Bureau has tackled that situation with a will and is making the fur fly. The Bureau and the Legion have linked arms and the Legion's veteran rehabilitation and child welfare programs will finish the job the Bureau has begun. The Legion already is shaping its plans and the activity these plans envision will comprise the first drafts on the revenue from The American Legion \$5,000,000 Endowment Fund the creation of which is now booming under way.

The Bureau began its crusade a year ago by creating the guardianship division in the central office at Washington. This division was placed under Assistant Director Davis G. Arnold, who became filled with a personal zeal to root out the evils in this guardianship situation while he was helping the Senate committee investigate the affairs of the Veterans Bureau two years ago. When he joined the Veterans Bureau's executive staff he asked Director Hines for this job and got it. He has expanded his guardianship division into a national activity, with guardianship officers attached to each of the fifty-two regional offices of the

(Continued on page 19)



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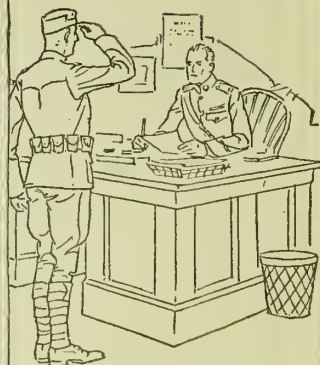
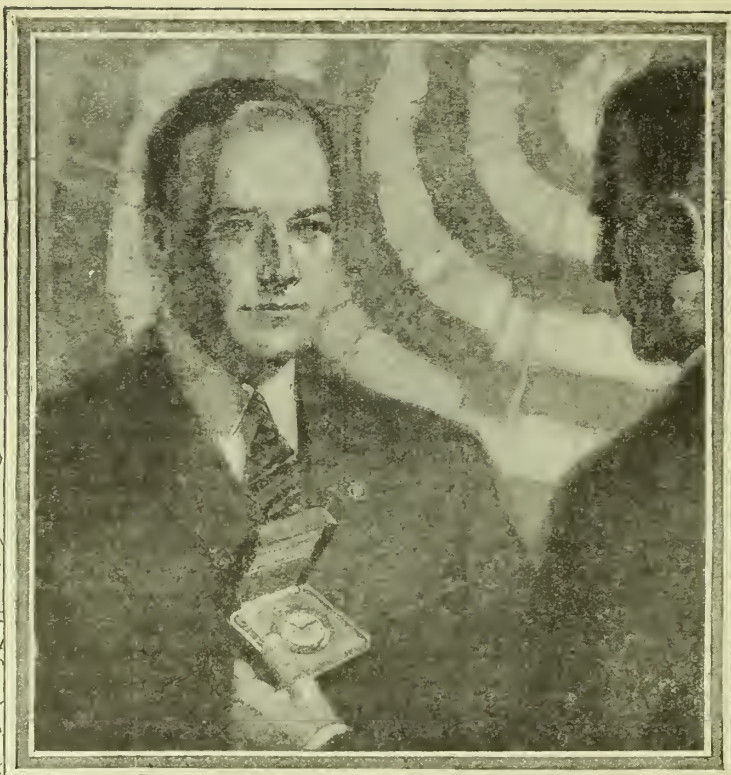
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# Uncle Sam Stops *the Graft* on Widows and Orphans

(Continued from page 17)

Veterans Bureau. These officers are making it hot for crooked guardians.

Before one begins to trace the activities of this guardianship division, it must be borne in mind that it had to work by indirect methods always. In the beginning the Veterans Bureau had nothing to do with guardians except to pay them every month the money due their wards. The Veterans Bureau could not withhold payment even if it knew a guardian was stealing his ward's money. Guardians (or curators or conservators, as they are called in some States) are officers of the courts and are responsible to the courts and to no one else. So first off Arnold got it written into the law—the Reed-Johnson Bill, which passed Congress last June—that the Veterans Bureau might hold up payments to guardians who failed to give the Bureau a satisfactory account of what they did with their wards' money. Probably not one Congressman in twenty who voted for that bill noticed that clause, or, if he did, knew why it was there. But Arnold knew—and so did the argus-eyed Watson B. Miller, chairman of the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee.

With this legal bulwark to brace his feet against, and while his infant guardianship division was still wearing napkins for pants, Arnold got up an innocent looking little form and quietly distributed 45,000 copies of it among all of the probate courts in the country which had appointed guardians, curators or conservators for mentally incompetent veterans, minors or orphans. This form asked four simple questions: What was the amount of the guardian's bond? Had he submitted the proper reports of his activities to the court? Had these reports been approved by the court? What was the balance of the moneys committed to his charge as shown by the last report? Answers to these questions were requested under the seal of the court.

Six months have gone by since those questionnaires were sent out and just a shade over half of them have come back answered. That fact is significant.

But more significant are the facts revealed by the answers to those which did come back. They led to the disclosures which were placed before the reader earlier in this article.

Significant also is the fact that hardly had the news of those questionnaires had time to circulate when the Veterans Bureau began receiving voluntary contributions from guardians and several other varieties of individuals into whose unclean hands money belonging to mentally-afflicted veterans and orphans had come. Conscience money? It would be stretching a point to call it that. "Scared money," Watson Miller suggests. Most of it was in the form of uncashed Government checks, some of which had been hoarded up for years. For a while the average daily quota was about \$2,000. It is still coming in by dribblets, and the total received exceeds \$150,000. Just the other morning Mr. Arnold got a bulky package of checks, each for \$157.50, dating back to 1919—a nest

egg of several thousand dollars which one veteran's guardian seemed to conclude that he could get along without now that Uncle Sam had taken an inquiring interest in the case.

Meanwhile the guardianship officers began traveling about the country digging out the facts from leads supplied by the questionnaires. Judges and prosecuting attorneys, apprised of the situation, have been stimulated to action. The turnover of guardians is rapid. Adequate bonds are being required; accountings are insisted upon and carefully checked.

In justice to the guardians who have fulfilled their trusts faithfully, it should be stated that the miscreants are in the minority. The majority of guardians have acted honestly.

Taking advantage of the new law, the Veterans Bureau is holding up more than \$2,000,000 of veterans and orphans' money, awaiting proper accountings or the appointment of suitable guardians.

Thus the rift in the dark clouds. The situation is clearing. The guardianship division of the Bureau is preparing to exercise a continuing supervision over the affairs of these helpless ex-service men and their children. It is banking heavily on the co-operation of The American Legion. The Legion has promised this support, and is banking on the success of the present drive for the \$5,000,000 Endowment Fund to provide the wherewithal. Between the Veterans Bureau and The American Legion every World War orphan in the United States will be sought out and a careful study made of his situation. When the case warrants it the Legion will undertake to get these orphans legally adopted into good American homes which will assure for these children the inalienable right of every American child—an even break with life.

Knowing this, and much more, about the Legion's work in this vast field of public welfare, Director Hines of the Veterans Bureau is one of the most enthusiastic supporters of the Endowment campaign.

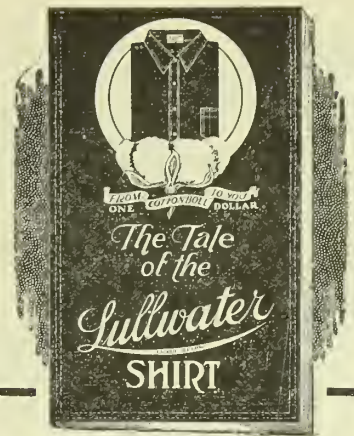
"It is a positive essential," he said. "It is a necessity to the proper care of the disabled veterans and the orphans of the World War."

What the Legion will do in this guardianship matter—protect the rights of every helpless veteran and every veteran's child—is merely one of a hundred other tasks which await the willing dollars which are going to build this great institution of service, The American Legion Endowment Fund.

## LEGION RADIO

Brief announcements of radio programs to be broadcast by Legion posts will be published in this column. Notices of proposed programs should be sent to the Weekly at least four weeks in advance of date of broadcasting. Be sure to give the wave length.

Richmond County posts of The American Legion will broadcast from Station WNYC, municipal broadcasting station of the City of New York (526 meters) Monday, March 23, from 7:30 p. m. to 11:30, Eastern Standard time. Noted speakers and artists will be on program.



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# Right and Left Guides of a Marching Legion

*The Efforts of 414 Citation-Winning Posts Will Count Heavily in Determining the Winner of the Lindsley Trophy*

By FRANK E. SAMUEL

Director, Organization and Membership Division,  
National Headquarters, The American Legion

IF The American Legion gets a million members in this year 1925, four hundred and fourteen posts will share the first honors of that achievement. For these 414 posts are those which were first to answer National Commander Drain's appeal, made shortly after the Saint Paul National Convention, that every post start signing up 1925 members before the year 1924 ended and that each post obtain as quickly as possible a larger enrollment for the new year than it had in the old one. These 414 posts on New Year's Day had obtained for 1925 one hundred percent or more of their 1924 enrollment.

Every one of the 414 posts is being presented with a citation, setting forth its achievement, and each citation is signed by the National Commander and the National Adjutant.

One hundred and thirty-four posts are receiving Distinguished Service Citations. They had reached a one hundred percent 1925 enrollment before December 1, 1924. The other 280 posts will receive Meritorious Service Citations, in recognition of their "over-the-top" records made before January 1, 1925.

Kansas and Minnesota finished neck and neck in the national citations race, each department having thirty-four posts which had gone over the top in membership before January 1. Wisconsin had 31. Michigan came next with 25 posts, Oregon followed with 24; Nebraska and Illinois with 22 each.

Michigan led all departments in the race for Distinguished Service Citations, eighteen Michigan posts having reached their 1924 enrollments before December 1st.

Some of the smaller departments made exceptional records judged by the proportionate number of their posts which went over the top. For instance two of the seven posts in Mexico exceeded their 1924 membership, giving that department a percentage of 28.6. Thirteen of the fifty-eight posts in Wyoming went over the top, making a percentage of 22.4. Seventeen Florida posts out of the seventy-seven in that state also went over, or 22 percent. The percentage for Oregon was 20.2—twenty-four posts out of 119.

While the Distinguished Service and Meritorious Service Citations are being distributed, the whole Legion is waiting to learn which department has won the Henry D. Lindsley Trophy, a silver cup offered by Past National Commander Lindsley to the department obtaining before March 1st the highest percentage of its enrollment for the preceding year. Only partial returns have been received at National Headquarters and

it is expected that the winner will not be known before the end of this month. Florida, Nebraska, Delaware, Oregon, Washington and West Virginia are all strongly in the running for the Lindsley trophy. Florida won the trophy in 1924, and unofficial returns on March 1st indicated that it was counting its 1925 percentage as 89.7 percent.

Following are the lists of the Distinguished Service Citation and the Meritorious Service Citation winners. In each instance, the name of the post is given in italics (the word "Post" being omitted) and the name of the town in roman letters:

### Distinguished Service Citations

ARKANSAS: *Gordon Gale*, North Little Rock; *Tezakana*, Texarkana; *Theodore Campbell*, Conway; *Allen*, Pangburn; *Buddy Harris*, Parkin.

CALIFORNIA: *Stevinson*, Stevinson.

COLORADO: *Accacio*, Denver; *Walter Rhoades*, Louisville; *James H. LeMaster*, Ordway.

FLORIDA: *Andrew Jackson*, Brooksville; *Indian River*, Cocoa; *Theodore H. Hernandez*, Fernandina; *Dykman-Pinkerton*, Lake Wales; *St. Cloud*, St. Cloud.

GEORGIA: *Burns-Geiger*, Glenwood; *Newton County*, Covington.

ILLINOIS: *John Joda*, Fairbury; *Ruel Neal*, LeRoy; *Blackhawk*, Chicago; *Cerro Gordo*, Cerro Gordo; *Patrick McClellan*, Zeigler; *Altenberg*, Franklin Grove; *Beverly*, Beverly; *Pesotum*, Pesotum; *Gibb*, Piper City; *Albert Parker*, Bement; *Donovan*, Donovan; *Henry Schmitz*, St. Libory.

INDIANA: *Fowler*, Fowler; *Martin Kennedy*, Otterbein.

KANSAS: *Tracy Blair*, Buffalo; *Frederick Phillips*, Council Grove; *Charles Earnest Scott*, Dodge City; *Aaron A. Platner*, Ellis; *Charles Walters*, Fredonia; *Stephenson*, Greensburg; *Harveyville*, Harveyville; *Arthur N. Wier*, Horton; *Earl W. Taylor*, Seneca; *Thayer*, Thayer.

KENTUCKY: *Hopkins County*, Madisonville; *Norman-Barnes*, Covington; *Old Kentucky Home*, Bardstown.

MEXICO: *San Luis Potosi*, San Luis Potosi; *Huasteca*, Mata Redonda.

MICHIGAN: *William F. Weine*, Alpena; *Pemberton Brothers*, Algonac; *Guy Stanton*, Blanchard; *Efton James*, Cassopolis; *Bearl V. Pittenger*, Detroit; *Pulaski*, Detroit; *Columbus*, Detroit; *Wm. Riker Johnson*, Lansing; *C. C. Up-ton*, Fremont; *Roy Cole*, Grand Ledge; *Grayling*, Grayling; *Maurice Harvey Dixon*, Lansing; *Marlette*, Marlette; *Morrison-Mead*, Mayville; *Smith-Adams*, Ontonagon; *Sherman Moore*, Ravenna; *Union*, Union City; *Harold L. Young*, Rogers City.

MINNESOTA: *Andrew Borgen*, New Richland; *George Stahl*, Wykoff; *Julius Kramer*, Lincoln-town; *Clarence A. Nelson*, Crosby; *Myrin-James*, Ironton; *Victor Cornell*, Pelican Rapids; *Simonson-Betcher*, Ada; *Harris*, Harris.

MISSISSIPPI: *Howell-Grantham*, Lucedale.

MISSOURI: *LeRoy Smithpeter*, Carrollton; *Clyde Gustine*, Excelsior Springs.

MONTANA: *Roosevelt*, Whitefish.

NEBRASKA: *Bill Dowling*, Chadron; *Carlson Collister*, Bertrand; *Carl Mogenssen*, St. Paul; *Bartley*, Bartley; *H. S. S. K.*, Milligan.

NEW JERSEY: *Patrick J. Farrell*, Edgewater; *Allendale*, Allendale.

NORTH DAKOTA: *Anton Vlijohn*, New England; *Albert W. Wallner*, Hunter; *Gray*, Brocket.

NEW YORK: *Urban Karcher*, Castorland; *Lowville*, Lowville; *Perry-Cook*, South Otselic.

OHIO: *Ken-Bur-Bel*, Norwalk; *Keith Cretors*, St. Paris; *Edward C. Smart*, Hicksville; *Ernest G. Walsh*, Duncan Falls; *Clarence L. Nieman*, Woodville; *Sch-Loc-Man*, Monroeville.

OKLAHOMA: *Roscoe-Frye*, Sapulpa; *Reynolds-Harjo*, Okemah; *Picher*, Picher.

PENNSYLVANIA: *Ledden-Young*, Ridgway; *Dalton-Wanzel*, Paoli; *Sgt. C. N. Stafford*, Mead-



vile; *Hughes, Dunbar; Camp Hill, Camp Hill.*  
SOUTH DAKOTA: *Wentworth, Wentworth; Newman-Millage, Pukwana.*

TENNESSEE: *Gold Star, Manchester; Bob Brown, Murfreesboro.*

TEXAS: *San Juan, San Juan; Gonzales, Gonzales; Kolar-Stanck, Shiner; Luther McGee, Chillicothe; Quade, Round Top; Dieter, Cuero.*

UTAH: *Witbeck, Vernal; Spanish Fork, Spanish Fork.*

WASHINGTON: *Don R. Grable, Ilwaco; Okanogan, Okanogan; Cashmere, Cashmere; Peace Arch, Blaine; Warren O. Grimm, Kirkland; Frank Gaddis, Woodland; Coy-Catlin, Carson; Mount Tacoma, Kapowsin.*

WEST VIRGINIA: *Raleigh County, Beckley.*

WISCONSIN: *Juneau, Juneau; Fred Amstutz, Monticello; Cecil Torney, Thorpe; Frank E. Miles, Black River Falls; John L. Davis, Merrillan; Talbot Montgomery, Wausau; Otto Kops, Unity; Lloyd S. Howe, Elk Mound; Elmer Holm, Prairie Farm; Carl Nelson, Osseo; Abner Dahlberg, Rhinelander.*

### Meritorious Service Citations

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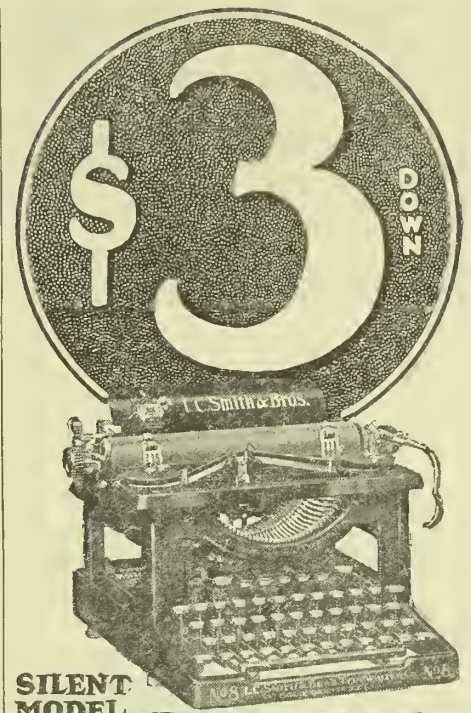
### OUTFIT REUNIONS

Announcements for this column must be received three weeks in advance of the events with which they are concerned.

BALLOON SECTION, A. S.—Reunion banquet at D. K. E. Club, 30 West 44th St., New York City, Mar. 21, at 6:30 p. m.

5TH CO., A. S. A. P.—Former members of this outfit stationed at Vancouver Barracks during 1918 write John Gay, 128 East 5th Ave., Altona, Pa., concerning reunion.

1ST FIELD SIGNAL BN.—For information concerning plans for reunion at Omaha during Legion National Convention, address Ira G. Holcomb, 69 West Washington St., Chicago, Ill.



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## Just Balloon Gas

(Continued from page 8)

a three to two victory in the last half of the ninth. And so Miss McMein and her sister artist departed, suffused with artistic pride and with the cheers of the human sand-bags still ringing in their ears.

The next morning the balloon was in the air as usual. An infantry corporal in the first line gave a startled glance at the apparition in the air and threw a half-full bottle of Rhum Negrita into No Man's Land. He later risked his life to recover it. Aviators flew close to inspect the figures—in fact, the balloon position was an aerial art gallery with scores of flying critics pestering the observers all morning. Art was not only long and broad that morning but altitudinous as well. The exhibition created a great stir along that sector of the front and eventually—which was quickly—it reached the ears of the major commanding the balloon group. He broke all speed records arriving at the scene, and he restrained his usual good humor for the reason that the chemical composition of paint, particularly the oil, will cause quick deterioration and perforations of the rubberized cotton which composes balloon fabric. The Major didn't exactly put on an exhibition of rage, but he did tell the commanding officer with some emphasis that he would have an opportunity to explain by endorsement as provided for in regulations of military correspondence. He then departed. But as luck would have it—good or bad—an avion Boche happened along and with a stream of incendiary bullets that took Gertie just abait the knuckles he literally knocked dinosaur and elephant for a flock of ash-cans. And the two observers descending by parachute saw two masterpieces by well-known American girl artists fall from high estate to a hell of a finish—complete incineration. I don't know that Miss McMein ever learned of the sad fate of Red Gertie, but I do know that the commanding officer was saved from the delicate task of explaining by endorsement hereon just how it happened that his observation balloon was used as an artist's canvas.

Grantland Rice, poet laureate of American sports, is responsible for this story, and if it is not true I must refer you to him. He told it. Rice was a lieutenant of artillery and distinguished himself by going A. W. O. L. from a staff job at First Army headquarters to satisfy a craving for some action with his outfit. The outfit was at Montfaucon during some mean activities of the Germans, and I have been told that the action found there by Mr. Rice was active enough to satisfy a gourmand for excitement. But that has nothing to do with this story. In the artillery unit graced by the presence of Mr. Rice was a Lieutenant Hudnut, an officer highly esteemed by his fellows. Some time after his arrival in France Hudnut was ordered on detached service for training as a balloon observer. On the afternoon of the 26th day of September, 1918, a date easily remembered by many A. E. F. veterans, the battery with which Hudnut had served was hitting on all six cylinders in a position not far from Dombasle-en-Argonne.

During a lull in the firing some officers in the battery expressed wonder where Hudnut was. "He would have liked this," said one. "I'd like to see the old kid again," said another. Just then a nasty German flyer sent three balloons down in flames. One parachute was headed for some trees not far distant from the battery. The artillerists rushed over to help him free himself from the parachute. And when the ropes were untangled who dropped lightly to the ground but Hudnut. This I maintain is worthy of a place in the height of things as an exposition of the adage, "Speak of the angels and they always appear." In the basket with Hudnut was Lieutenant Cleo J. Ross. He jumped late and a piece of the burning balloon fell on his parachute. Ross was crushed to death. He was the only balloon officer of the United States forces to die in the air, and an aviation field outside Los Angeles bears his name.

In a certain infantry training camp was a regular army commanding officer who would hold up the late Elbert Hubbard's Message to Garcia as an inspiring example to the graduating class of ninety-day wonders. This is a story of how two balloon observers, handicapped by lack of visibility, found out just where the artillery they were regulating was hitting. They did their work thoroughly, but because the report of hits was three months delayed—due to imprisonment in Germany—the value of their observations was nil. Their tactics are therefore not recommended to future balloon observers.

It was the morning of September 12, 1918, and that is also a date easily remembered by A. E. F.-ers. A balloon company stationed just east of Dieue was assigned to regulate the fire of a naval cannon, 400 m.m., mounted on a railroad truck and commanded by a Captain Small. The objective was Conflans.

Lieutenants Roland Tait and George Hinman were the observers. It was a rainy, gusty morning. The observers rose in the basket only to find the weather so thick that observation two kilometers distant was impossible, to say nothing of regulating fire on Conflans a score of miles away. The maneuvering officer gave the order to haul down, but he made the error of hauling down in a narrow defile where the wind swept through in violent gusts. Just as the balloon neared the ground, the wind caught it amidstships and the bag made a sudden nose-dive. As it righted the steel cable snapped and the balloon disappeared in the clouds carrying the two observers entangled in the ropes of their parachute harness, unable to jump to safety. Believe it or not, the balloon traveled into Germany in the path of the trajectory of the 400 m.m. shells fired by Captain Small. For half an hour or more the giant shells of the naval cannon screeched their message of death alongside the observers who were to tell where the shells were falling. The observers finally managed to land the balloon just outside of Conflans without serious injury to themselves. They were pounced on by Russian prisoners working under German

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guard and were hastened into Conflans. All day long they were under fire of the gun they had set out to regulate, and at night they were loaded into a train to be taken to a prison camp. The very train they sat in was abbreviated by two coaches by a direct hit from Captain Small's cannon. Earlier in the day the shells were falling half a mile short of the objective, the railroad yards. As the observers were departing for parts unknown, Captain Small scored a direct hit. They had carried their message to Garcia, but a reply would have been appreciated, and it was three months later before they returned to France through Switzerland.

This story has a double moral, and the moral may be—as it was—interpreted both ways. I only know that it is true, for I was there. The third week in October, 1918, the writer led his balloon company into a valley just east of the little village of Ivoiry in the Argonne in the general advance of the line. It had the natural terrain for a good balloon position, but the first night we suffered an artillery bombardment of shrapnel, gas and high explosive that sent five to the field hospital. Despite this experience, the following day another balloon company came to share the same position. It happened that in the newly-arrived company was an old regular army sergeant who, frankly, was an atheist. He aired his theories regularly to all who would listen, and the emergency soldiers listened with either horror or approbation, according to their immediate lights as influenced by the hardships of the front. The nightly bombardments continued and foxholes were dug deeper and deeper for protection, the majority of the men doubling up. A few nights after arrival a high explosive shell

scored a direct hit on the foxhole occupied by the sergeant aforementioned. He was killed instantly, needless to say. The following day I can state, without fear of successful contradiction, that each and every member of that balloon company "got religion." It was reflected in the subdued voices and "do unto others" bearing of the troops. It lasted for several days. Then an inquisitive soldier, to whom righteousness was growing irksome, inquired as to the whereabouts of a young soldier who shared the foxhole with the late sergeant. Duly interrogated, the foxhole bunkie of the dead man admitted rather reluctantly—but with wholesouled satisfaction—that he was engaged in a craps game in a dugout on the side of the hill, shielded from the rude gaze of the commanding officer. Religion in that company backslid that night. There probably are still veterans of that outfit who continue to regard the fatality as a vendetta of Providence. I know that there were large numbers who chose the interpretation disclosed by later events. I know it, because I overheard a trio of my men talking things over, and the tenor of their conversation was that never had they seen such educated dice as those manipulated by members of the other company.

The tactical disposition of balloons in an attack is made by corps or divisions. A divisional balloon is supposed to render special observation for the infantry in addition to liaison with artillery. A concrete example of the value of this observation was furnished at Château-Thierry. A small woods was an enemy strongpoint in covering the retreat of the retiring Germans. The wood was barricaded with wire and concealed many machine guns. A captured prisoner revealed that only two companies were in the wood. Orders were prepared to send an American battalion in to clean up the strongpoint. In the meantime a balloon observer saw two fresh battalions of German infantry filtrate from the rear to reinforce the two sorely-pressed companies. When this information reached divisional headquarters it resulted in a complete change of tactics, which doubtless saved many lives.

Probably the most wonderful infantry liaison furnished by a balloon company during the entire war was accomplished by the Sixth Balloon Company working for the 89th Division. As told to me, it was purely accidental and the possibilities for good were all in reverse English. In planning for an offensive a route of advance was generally prepared. Unless the observer in the balloon can communicate his observations immediately they are not important. A column of infantry, or an ammunition train, or an enemy battery in action may change position five minutes after they are observed. Therefore telephone wires were laid along the route of advance so that the balloon might at all times be in touch with the chart room, or central switchboard, ready to communicate observations of importance to the proper authorities without delay.

The Sixth Balloon Company received an order to advance. I am told that no wires were laid along the road, but it obeyed orders just the same. It advanced and kept right on advancing until less than 500 meters away from

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### ANSWERS TO PATRIOTIC QUIZ NO. 12

1. Henry Clay was a candidate for President in the campaigns of 1824, 1832 and 1844, coming nearest to success in the last campaign, when, running on the Whig ticket, he got 1,299,068 popular votes, James K. Polk winning with 1,337,243. Clay ran on the platform of the old Republican Party in 1824 and on that of the National Republicans in 1832.

2. Texas has the most counties of any state in the Union, 253. Georgia is second with 160.

3. Lincoln, according to report, referred to Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin", as "the little woman who caused this great war".

4. A home was prepared in New Orleans for Napoleon Bonaparte after he had been defeated by the allied powers and carried off to St. Helena. The plan was to rescue the prisoner and take him to Louisiana where he might end his days in the enjoyment of liberty, and surrounded by French-speaking people. Napoleon died, however, before the rescue could be attempted. The house, called Maison Napoleon, still stands in the French quarter of New Orleans.

5. The city of Washington was laid out by a French engineer, Major Pierre L'Enfant, at the instance of President Washington.



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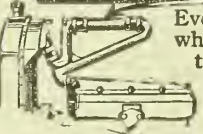
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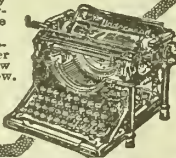
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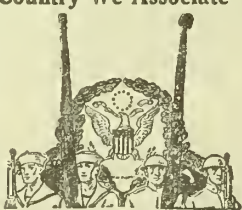
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## "For God and Country We Associate"

You know where that phrase comes from, don't you? Every soldier and sailor ought to know it as well as every legionnaire—but they don't. If you are on the lookout for new members tell them about the Legion by means of the best little pamphlet you've seen on Americanism. Send 50 cents for 100. They are called "For God and Country", and have application blank attached. Send for 100 NOW. Write Dept. G.



**POST PRINTING SERVICE**  
American Legion Weekly Indianapolis, Indiana

the first line. It then occurred to someone that the advance had been perfect but a balloon and a winch were not an effective instrument of aggressive warfare. Then somebody stumbled across a telephone wire running from a battalion headquarters to a regimental headquarters. They made a connection with the balloon and for the rest of that day, despite many aerial attacks, the observers gave the commanding general of the division all the information he could ask for. The observers communicated the position of the divisional line, giving exact co-ordinates on the map. If the line was held up by a machine-gun nest the observers would give the position of the pill-box, adjust the artillery on it and then give their attention to some other pressing problem. It was not until the second day that a German aviator succeeded in burning the balloon. It was as near perfect liaison with the infantry as human ingenuity could make it. Results count, and instead of an official censure for advancing without protecting communications the commanding officer received a letter of commendation.

There was only one balloon company that I recall which served as an advance party to infantry. It may have been by accident, but there are certain indications that it was premeditated. The commanding officer was an Annapolis man, a National Guard infantryman by choice and a balloonatic by accident. Prior to the St. Mihiel attack two medical officers were billeted with his company. These two worthies had received orders to go over with the first waves of infantry. They thought it a matter of basest ignorance that they—educated men of medical eminence—should be obliged to risk their lives in that wanton fashion. The tenor of their conversation was along these lines for two days and Charlie was good and mad. So it is entirely possible that they drove him to it. Anyway, the lines changed back and forth but mostly forth on that day. The balloon was being bedded down at dusk. There was the staccato rip of a machine gun not fifty feet away. The company went prone on its respective stomachs. "Hey," yelled someone, "what are you trying to do, burn this balloon?" A guttural German laugh came through the dusk and a second volley of machine gun bullets perforated the gas bag, which leaped into flame. It was quite a long hike back to where the American line had stiffened for the night, and the balloon men were challenged by a sentry as they crossed No Man's Land. The balloon camp had been pitched within the German lines. Only the confusion prevailing in the readjustment of the line permitted the balloon crew to escape with its winch.

One of the finest things I know about the balloon service is that I never heard the claim seriously advanced that they won the war. I think they used to give the infantry rare thrills with parachute jumps, and I know it gave the men in the first lines temporary distraction from the discomforts of their lot and provided an agreeable subject for animated conversation for some time afterward.

Speaking of parachute leaps reminds me of the day I first said, "Here goes

nothing," and did a Brodie from the basket some 1,500 feet in the air. It was not my own fretful experience that made the day memorable. It was an unusual exhibition of motherly solicitude. It was at Omaha. Candidates for commissions were permitted to make one practise parachute jump. That was a good adjective, "practise." Practise had to be perfect or there wasn't any opportunity to try, try again. But to continue. When jumps were being made by the students large delegations of morbid-minded Omahans motored out to the school to look on. It is a matter of satisfaction to say that they were always disappointed. One of the candidates for a commission was an Omaha boy. Now, it would be but natural that a young man engaging in such an apparently risky performance should wish to shield his mother from any anxiety and refrain from telling her of his projected leap for life until it was safely or otherwise over. But not for this boy, whom we will call Oscar. He called up his mother and invited her out to see the performance. Now did this mother shriek hysterically and swoon beside the telephone mumbling incoherent protests? She did not. Instead, she called her friends by telephone and sent the family car around to pick them up. And as Oscar ascended she was the proudest woman on the field. Oscar's parachute did its duty, and then Oscar began to feel frisky. He wore a safety belt so he could hang by his toes without greater risk. And he did that thing. So engrossed had he become in his aerial gymnastics that he failed to appreciate the rapidity of descent of the parachute. He reached the ground face first and in a cornfield. The impact buried his features to beyond the ears and it required a moment for a rescue crew to dig him out. And did his mother come screaming to the landing place demanding why had they killed her boy? No. "That was the best jump I ever saw," she complimented her son.

On the front parachute jumps were all in the day's work. But after three jumps on the front an observer would generally get his wind up, as the Tommies used to say. Subconsciously expecting an attack, the observer would watch the air for enemy planes instead of the ground for enemy activities—and consequently his value for the real mission of the balloon would be lost.

The frequency of a hop over the side of a basket into the unsubstantial ether was entirely a matter of luck. I knew a French observer who spent 1,453 hours in the air and was only forced to jump once. In my own company the observer I regarded as the best was in the air at the front approximately 150 hours and never had to jump. Another observer, an airplane pilot transferred to the balloons, was in the air just twenty minutes on his maiden flight when the balloon was attacked and burned. This observer was in the air at the front less than two hours and a half and he was forced to leap for his life three times.

The telephone company says the voice with the smile wins, and then there are other slogans, such as politeness pays. This is an incident of how politeness nearly ruined the pure young life of one observer. The man in charge of a balloon company while the



balloon is in the air is called the maneuvering officer. From his position on the ground he can best see the development of an enemy airplane attack. The observer has only to concern himself with the things happening behind the enemy lines. When an attack surely develops the maneuvering officer orders the observer to jump. He must wait for the command. With a telephone headset the observer is in constant communication with the ground. The maneuvering officer cannot carry a telephone field set with him, and his commands to the man in the basket are relayed by a telephone operator who is always listening in on the line which connects the observer with the switchboard in the chart room.

When the telephone attendant gets the signal from the maneuvering officer he is supposed to yell "Jump," and his training is for putting pep into the word. On the day in question a new man was on the telephone detail. He saw the maneuvering officer signal for the jump command. But this boy remembered his training in military courtesy. He would never give a command to an officer. In a honeyed and respectful voice he conversed as follows: "Lieutenant X, sir, Lieutenant Y (and the name of the maneuvering officer was three syllables long) says for you to please jump." By the time he had completed this message of model military courtesy machine gun bullets from eight German planes were pouring broadsides from as many different directions into balloon, basket and descending parachute. The parachute was perforated by a determined Boche of mean disposition, who chased the observer to within a hundred meters of the ground and the observer had what is known in the parlance as a "rough landing." An artilleryman, an innocent bystander, was killed and several horses in a French artillery echelon were wounded, but fortunately there were no casualties in the balloon company. There are exceptions to all rules and courtesy was an almost fatal thing for that balloon observer.

Yes, recruiting sergeants can paint an engaging picture of any service. But I'm darned if they know the real things that go to make that mysterious unifying prideful atmosphere that we call esprit de corps.

## BUDDIES IN DISTRESS

Queries aimed at locating service men whose statements are necessary to substantiate compensation claims should be sent to the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, 417 Bond Building, Washington, D. C., not to the Weekly. The committee will be glad to assist in finding men after other means have failed, and, if necessary, will advertise through the Weekly. The committee wants to hear from the following:

153rd Dev. Btn., Camp Dix, also Base Hospital same camp, and members of Ord. Dept., Curtis Bay (near Baltimore, Md.) also hospital there, who remember MEYER BLOOM, whose address at time of enlistment was Mt. Vernon, N. Y., please communicate with this office.

DAY, WALTER E., Pvt., Co. E., 27th Inf., missing from home at Montavala, Ala., for fourteen months, last known address was Frankfort, Illinois, is wanted with reference to his claim with U. S. Veterans Bureau.

BYRON, JOHN V., former Sergeant of Battery F, 341st F. A., 89th Div., is wanted to assist former buddy, FRANK H. MOLCZYK, in his compensation claim.

HANKS, DAVID J., wishes to hear from the army men who were riding in a Cadillac that struck him on the Varennes Grandpre Road near Apermont in 1918 around the first of

November. This information is requested for the purpose of establishing a claim that this accident actually happened.

MCCLOSKEY, ARTHUR LEE.—This man is carried on the AGO rolls as a deserter from Co. I, 47th Inf., but records are conflicting and two former buddies of the outfit state he was killed in action. Please let us hear from all members who recall the man's disappearance.

322nd Inf., Co. C. members who knew STEVE MILINSKI, who belonged to this outfit Nov., 1917 to Feb., 1918.

ROGERS, FRANK J., Sgt., 29th Spruce Squadron, formerly of Portland, Oregon, wanted with reference to his claim against the U. S. Veterans Bureau.

ROSSITER, ARTHUR M., Co. E and F, 5th Engineers, is requested to furnish affidavit to assist former buddy, C. M. SCRIVEN.

SMITH, WILLIAM JOHN, ex-service man, last heard from at Orange, Texas, working in Robert C. Thompson restaurant. Money holding for this man.

SOTTILE, LUIGI, who served in Headquarters Co., 52nd Infantry, 6th Division, desires to get in touch with some of the men who served with his outfit. Sgt. MANN, of this outfit, is particularly mentioned.

VINCETT, KENNETH C., SMITH, CECIL I., HARVEY, CARL A., PALMER, WILLIAM L., former members Base Hospital No. 131, ROBERT STEWART, a disabled comrade, would like to hear from you.

6th C. A. Co., Fort Armadora, Canal Zone, during period 1916 through 1918, members knowing NILEY S. WATKINS, please advise.

PRATT, ELMER E., wants to hear from G. B. WEISE, of Louisiana or Alabama, who was in hospital at Norfolk, Va., in 1918; second class gunners mate POFF, of St. Paul, Minn.; second class seaman HIGGINS, of Haverhill, Mass.; fireman LUCES, who was on contagious camp at Norfolk, Va., in June and July, 1918.

LANTAGUE, ONIL, Pvt., Taftsville, Ct.; GEORGE H. VANALSTINE, Sgt., 2540 N. Water St., Philadelphia, Pa., who served with T. E. WINKLER, Laramie, Wyo., with Hq. Det., A. E. F., Viehy, France.

## TAPS

The deaths of Legion members are chronicled in this column. In order that it may be complete, post commanders are asked to designate an official or member to notify the Weekly of all deaths. Please give name, age, military record.

HERMAN F. BARTELS, John Franklin Miller Post, Michigan City, Ind. D. Feb. 28, aged 34. Served in 159th D. B.

WALTER J. BLUM, Logan Square Post, Chicago, Ill. D. at hospital in Denver, Colo., Jan. 14, Lieut., Inf.

VERNE R. CURTIS, Allen Jewett Post, Fairfield, Ia. D. Feb. 2, aged 28. Served in Navy.

RUSSELL D. DEMAREE, Andrew Dunn Post, Charleston, Ill. D. Dec. 26, aged 28. Served in Co. E, 46th Inf.

GEORGE E. FREUND, Burt Foster Post, McKeesport, Pa. D. Feb. 25. Served on U. S. S. Minnesota and Vermont.

LESTER E. FRYE, Roy Bent Post, Wilton, N. H. D. in Massachusetts General Hospital, Boston, Mass., Feb. 20, aged 30. Served in Co. G, 308th Inf., 77th Div.

HARRY L. GAGE, William A. Leonard Post, Flushing, N. Y. D. Feb. 17, at U. S. V. B. Hosp., Tupper Lake, N. Y. Served in Navy.

A. B. HAWKINS, Bernard P. Pieper Post, Cameron, Wis. D. Feb. 19, at Tucson, Ariz.

STEPHEN HOLLOWAY, Burt Foster Post, McKeesport, Pa. D. at Veterans Bureau Hospital, Dawson Springs, Ky., Feb. 9, aged 31. Served with 158th Inf.

JAMES M. INGRAM, Barre (Vt.) Post. D. Feb. 23, aged 27. Served with Co. C, 336th Bn., Tank Corps.

JAMES KENEFF, Lt. Herman Silverstein Post, Albany, N. Y. D. Feb. 13, aged 57. Served with 106th Hosp. Co., 102d Medical Regt., N. Y. N. G.

C. H. KNOUSE, Douglas County Post, Omaha, Neb. D. Jan. 20, at Fitzsimons General Hosp., Denver, Col. Served with 89th Div.

FRANK KURSKE, Everhart Van Eimeren Post, South Milwaukee, Wis. D. Feb. 20. Served with 32d Div.

JORGEN P. SKOV, Jr., Alden (Minn.) Post. Killed in railroad accident, Jan. 13, aged 30. Served in M. T. Corps No. 20, at Brownsville, Tex.

## Department Convention

Florida Department's annual convention will be held April 6-8 at the Alcazar Hotel in St. Augustine, the oldest city in the United States.

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# Bursts and Duds

Payment is made for material for this department. Unavailable manuscript returned only when accompanied by stamped envelope. Address American Legion Weekly, Indianapolis, Ind.

## Some Are, and Some Aren't

Mrs. Blub from the rural districts stopped her husband at the city's busy corner.

"Hiram," she expostulated, "th' way you stare at the limbs of these shameless city hussies is something scandalous. One would think you'd never seen legs afore."

"Jest what I be'n a-thinkin', Maria," acquiesced Mr. Blub.

## Limericks

A farmer, an old West Virginian,  
Had many and many a guinea hen.  
One by one, day by day,  
Some one lured them away,  
And he 'spicioned a black Abyssinian.

Said a near-sighted man from Patchogue;  
"If you ain't Bill Stumps, I'm a rogue."  
"Your mistake," said Bill's sister,  
"Is natural, Mister,  
Since knicks and bobbed hair came in vogue."

A young woman in far Mozambique  
Had a cold and she hardly could spique.  
When he came to propose,  
She replied through her nose:  
"I duddo. Cub ad ask be dext wique."  
—John P. Robinson.

## Idlers

"What are your boys doin' in the city, Si?"  
"Nothin'. One's a perliceman and the other two's firemen."

## So It Goes

Elsie: "Oh, Margie, I want to tell you something about Pansy!"  
Margie: "I know all about it."  
Elsie: "Now, who's been peddling scandal?"

## Back to Nature

This bawling out the one-piece suit  
Doth get me riled and sore.  
Say, Mister Censor, hoot, mon, hoot!  
'Twas the first you ever wore!

—J. P. R.

## Race Suicide

The visitors at the packing house had reached the refrigerator rooms.

"All these birds you see hangin' here are cold-storage hens," explained the guide.

"Dear, dear!" sighed an elderly lady. "What'll we do for cold-storage eggs wheu they are all killed off?"

## Logical

"The Chinese," explained the scientist, "invented paper from seeing the wasps build their nests."

"Yeah," agreed the lowbrow, "and I suppose they invented gunpowder from seeing guns being fired."

## Strong Medicine

"Doctah," asked a lady of color, "Ah's come to see ef yo' an gwine order Rastus one o' dem mustard plasters ag'in today?"

"I think perhaps he had better have one more," answered the medico.

"Well, he says to ax yo' kin he have a slice o' ham wid it. 'count of it's a mighty powful perscription to take alone."

## The Limit

"I wouldn't trust that mau Polly is mortoring with too far," remarked Lois.

"No," agreed Beatrice. "I wouldn't trust him any farther than I cared to walk."

## Unforgivable Errors (1 & 2)

They were having one of their customary spats. You know how it is.

"You've said a good many things you ought to be sorry for," she scolded.

"I recall two," he admitted, after ruminating a while.

"What particular ones?"

"I do' and 'I will'."

## Stop Everything

"Wotiver become o' Pat Flaherty wot uster work here?"

"Poor Pat, he's gone—fell in th' river an' drowned hisself."

"Faith, but couldn't he swim?"

"'Tis th' saddest part of it. Poor Pat was ten feet from shore whin the noon whistle blowed."

## Solved

Mrs. Duwell had moved into a tiny apartment, and her friend, Mrs. News, was rubbing it in a bit.

"But how in the world do you manage to keep house in this little kitcheneette?" she asked.

"Easy," retorted Mrs. Duwell. "I had a special can-opener made. A very short handle, you see."

## Correct This Sentence

"Pshaw!" said the traffic cop, during a jam.

## Country School Essay

[This composition turned in to a teacher by a pupil in a rural school has not been altered.]

## SPELLING

Spelling is how the way letters comes in a word. It is not hard if you study good, but if you go out and play all time you aint got no time to study and you get bad marks by teachers book. You want to study good your spelling because if you dont spell so good you cant get to be big man, because big man got to spell good.



"Why didn't you run with the rest of the dice throwers when you saw this policeman?"

"Yo' honnuh, I'se jus' made fo' nacherals wif mah laigs crossed an' I din't wanna break mah luck."

## Qualified

"And what did you do to be sent down here?" queried Satan of the new shade.

"I invented the alarm clock," replied the shade, with a sickly smile.

"The hell you say!" ejaculated the Evil One. "Here, take this pitchfork and keep order. I've been needing a vacation this long time, but couldn't find anybody mean enough to take my place."

## Which, Indeed?

Little boy, little girl—

Sedately down the street  
Marching with your close-cropped hair

And your breeches neat:

Your khaki suit is rather stained,

Your first two fingers, too!

Little boy—little girl—

Which, I pray, are you?

—Dorothy May Fraser.

## Enigma

The wife looked up from her paper with a puzzled frown.

"How do you spell 'Mozart,' dear?" she inquired.

"M-o-z-a-r-t," replied hubby.

"No, that won't do. Who's another American inventor in six letters?"

## The Vest Pocket Age

"I want six pockets in my vest," declared Bocus at the first fitting.

"Where am I to put them all?" objected his tailor.

"You've got to crowd them in somehow—one pocket apiece for my watch, cigarette case, lighter, camera, typewriter and radio."

## Collision

With all their many traffic laws,

They've never made one yet

That'll keep a brand-new motorist  
From running into debt.

—J. C. B.

## Esteemed Contemporaries

Just to think that a century and a half ago Patrick Henry said: "Give me Liberty or give me death."

And today his descendant, Pat O'Hennessey says: "Give me *Liberty* or give me the *Saturday Evening Post*."

## Sounds All Right

The young mau on the street car had come out short on his change and in order to escort his lady friend home was obliged to rely on his wits. Accordingly, he handed the conductor a nickel and awaited results. They came.

"You only gimme one fare," accused the conductor.

"Don't you believe in social equality?" demanded the youth.

"Sure, I guess so. What of it?"

"Well, what's fair for one is fair for the other."

## A Master of Self Control

The man with the tragic mien approached the movie director.

"I'd like to work in this picture," he announced. "I am a gifted actor."

"Prove it," ordered the skeptical director.

"For three years I worked for two cross-eyed brothers in a pie factory and never cracked a smile."

## The Only Way

"Why did Mrs. Steruson marry that barber?"

"Well, she said she wanted to have her hair cut just like she orders, for a change."



# \$68,000,000

## INCREASE IN PAY GIVEN TO U. S. POSTAL EMPLOYEES!

*Average Increase \$300 Per Year Per Employee*

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WHEN on February 28th, President Coolidge signed the Postal Pay and Rate Raise Bill which had been passed by both houses of Congress, it marked the dawn of an even rosier era for postal employees. If you have been jumping from job to job, if you have been getting ahead slowly, if you have been worried about being fired, or if you have been unhappy in your work, **now is the time of times** for you to prepare for a government civil service job. The many attractions—no strikes or lockouts, eight-hour day, automatic yearly salary increase, retirement pensions, vacations with pay, tremendous opportunities for advancement—have now been enhanced by this wonderful new pay raise granted by the government. End your dissatisfaction once for all by getting into the government service.

### Pick Your Job Quick!

There will be a grand rush for government jobs now that this pay raise has been granted, but only those who pass the Civil Service examinations with the highest ratings will be given these fine jobs. With many more people trying for them than ever before it is more necessary than ever that you prepare for any examinations that are coming. Prepare now for Railway Mail Clerk, Postal Clerk, Customs Inspector, R. F. D. Mail Carrier, Postmaster, or any one of the other positions in the Civil Service.

I'll show you how. I've prepared thousands of others successfully. Let me prove to you that I am better qualified to prepare you than is anyone else.

### Think This Over Now!

You can't afford to waste a moment's time in preparing for one of these fine government jobs. You have nothing whatever to lose by writing me for all the information. For eight years I was an official Civil Service Examiner, and since then have helped thousands of people to get government jobs which have now been made better than ever before by this pay increase. Write me at once.

### Send Me Your Name

If you are eighteen years old or older, and an American citizen, you are entitled to apply for a government civil service position. Just mail me the coupon and I will send you my 32-page book and will tell you how to qualify in your spare time for any one of the many positions you have to select from. Don't wait. Rush this coupon to me, or just write me a postcard. Remember, there will be a great rush for these jobs, so write me quick.

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### What They Get!

Following is a list of salaries paid under the increase called for in the Postal Pay and Rate Raise Bill.

Salaries of Postmasters: First class, \$3,200 to \$8,000; second class, \$2,400 to \$3,000; third class, \$1,100 to \$2,300; Post Office Inspectors, \$2,800 to \$4,500; division headquarters clerks, \$1,900 to \$3,000; Assistant Postmasters, second class offices, \$2,200 to \$2,500.

At first class Post Offices, Assistant Postmasters, \$2,600 to \$4,900; Superintendent of Mails, \$2,400 to \$4,700; foremen, \$2,500 to \$2,700; Assistant Superintendents of Mail, \$2,600 to \$4,100; postal cashier, \$3,100 to \$4,300; money order cashiers, \$2,800 to \$3,900; assistant cashiers, \$2,600 to \$3,800; bookkeepers, \$2,400 to \$3,300; station examiners, \$2,400 to \$3,000; Superintendents of Delivery, \$3,700 to \$4,100; Assistant Superintendents of Delivery, \$2,800; Superintendents of Registry, \$4,300; Assistant Superintendent of Registry, \$2,800 to \$4,100; Superintendents of Money Order, \$4,300; Assistant Superintendents of Money Order, \$4,100; auditors, \$4,000.

Clerks in first and second class offices and letter carriers in the city delivery service are divided into five grades, with salaries ranging from \$1,700 to \$2,100.

Railway postal clerks, \$1,900 to \$2,700; laborers in railway mail, \$1,500 to \$1,600; rural carriers, \$720 to \$1,800; village carriers, \$1,150 to \$1,350.





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